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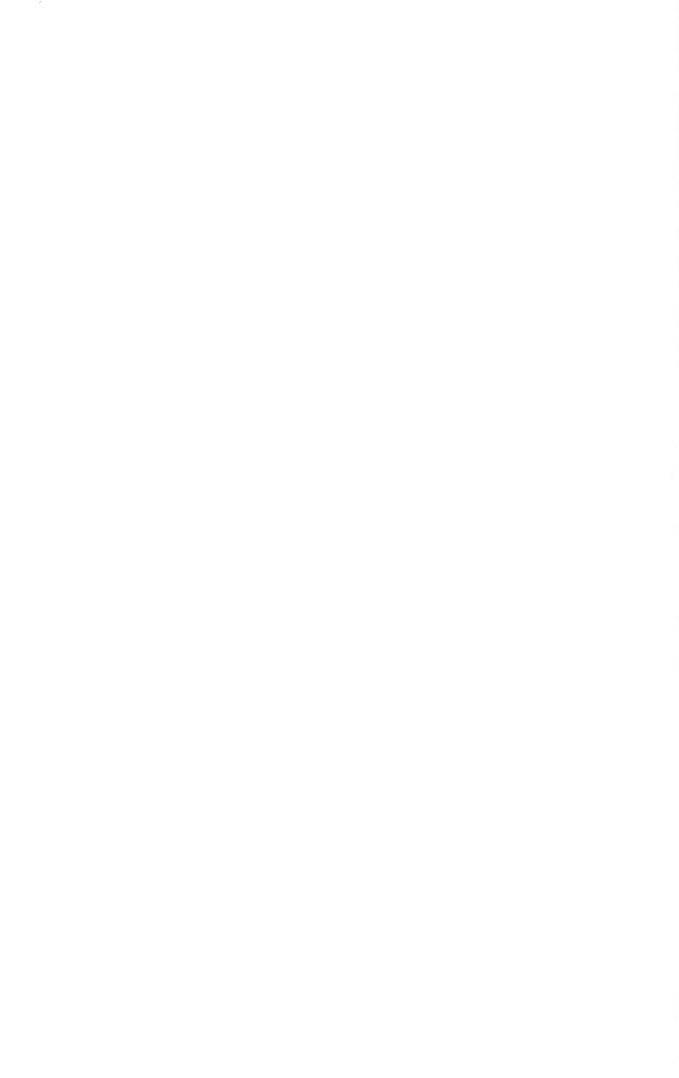
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Spectator



The Spectator

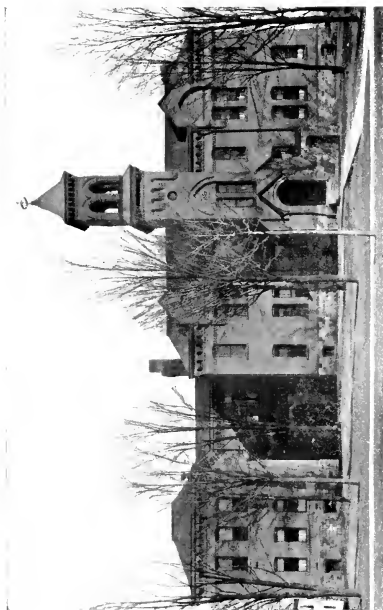
1911



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Lucia E. Smith





1911



Dedication

T*O him who has suffered
long and is kind*

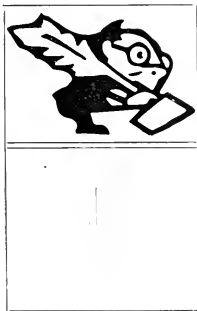
John H. Weldy

Our faithful principal, this volume of the Spectator is affectionately dedicated by the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven.

2023013



'Little lines of Latin,
Little lines of scan
Make a mighty Virgil,
And a crazy man.'



Foreword

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven issue this volume of the Spectator, trusting that it will receive the hearty welcome accorded to its predecessors.

We desire to express our sincere gratitude to the merchants of Angola and surrounding towns for the valuable financial aid which they have rendered us by responding so graciously to the solicitations of our advertising editors. Also to Ned Ettinger and Ralph Orwig, our business managers, whose diligence has exceeded all previous efforts to secure the necessary funds for this publication; to Miss Florence Parsell, who contributed the Alumni drawing; and to the Faculty, without whose cheerful and well directed assistance this annual would lack much of its merit, we desire to express our appreciation.

—Editor-in-Chief.

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Editor-in-Chief

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Faye Burt, '11



Course of Study

The following is a brief survey of the course of study pursued in the Angola High School during the past year. While the course of study conforms to the State requirements, a large amount of "supervised election" is permitted. The aim in granting election of studies is to fit the course to the individual needs and not to fit the pupil to the course. Practicability is the chief factor kept in mind in planning the course. Thirty-two credits are required for graduation, fourteen of which are left to the pupil's choice.

ENGLISH

English is the most important course offered in the high school. Ninety-five per cent. of the failures in high school work is due to the inability to read English correctly, forcibly, and effectively. It is the aim of the department to make English practical, and to establish, as far as it is possible for the school to do so, the habit of correct writing and speaking. Rhetoric and composition, together with a constant review of Grammar are emphasized throughout the course. Literature is studied to serve as models for forms of discourse, to enlarge the vocabulary, and help the pupil enjoy our best literature. The rhetoric work is based on Thomas and Howe's Composition and Rhetoric; the work in American literature is based on New-comer's American Literature; in English literature, Halleck is used.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

The two foreign languages studied in the high school are Latin and German. Students are required to pursue one of the two. Four years of each are offered, but a student may graduate with the minimum requirement of two years' work.

LATIN

The study of the Latin language is of inestimable value in cultivating the habits of accuracy of expression and thought. No subject in the high school course, with the probable exception of mathematics, has the power of overcoming careless and slovenly thought habits as Latin. Again the clear and effective interpretation of English literature requires an extensive use of Latin words and roots. For this reason Latin becomes a practical subject. First year work is based on Bennett's First Year Latin. Caesar's Gallic Wars, Cicero's Orations, and Virgil's Aeneid together with Composition furnish the basis for the last year's work.

GERMAN

As a language study in the high school, what is true of Latin may be said of German. In addition, it may be said that inasmuch as German is a

modern language study, the acquirement of a speaking knowledge of it is of great importance. Hence the conversational method of instruction is used extensively. The course as carried out for the year 1910-1911 has consisted of first, third and fourth years. The work of the first year has been based on Harris' German Lessons and Bacon's *Im Vaterland*; of the third year on Thomas' German Grammar, Storm's *Inmensee* and Schiller's *William Tell*; and of the fourth year on the German Classics—Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* and Scheffel's *Trompeter von Sakkingen*.

HISTORY

History properly taught is a most important factor in the development of the mind and character of our youth. It enables them to obtain a comprehensive idea of the past and thereby form accurate conceptions of the present. An intelligent understanding of our institutions should be a part of the educational equipment of every boy and girl; and because of this we believe the study of history should hold an important place in the school curriculum. It is believed that the following course will not only measure up to the college entrance requirements, but will also give the student who stops with the high school a broad and comprehensive view of life, with some power at least to judge rightly of the future in its many aspects.

In the first year Ancient History is studied, covering the field of history from the earliest times to the year 800 A. D. The major work is placed on the study of Greece and Rome. Modern History is studied in the second year. It covers the work from 800 A. D. to present time. The age of Feudalism, the Crusades, the Renaissance are considered, and Christianity in its relation to the movement for free government receives careful attention. The course in English History is planned to give the pupil a broader view of the sources of our own institutions and thereby enable the student to better understand United States history. This course is offered in the third year. In the fourth year the time is devoted to the study of American History and Civil Government. Much attention is given to the study of our political institutions in their adaptations to present social and economic conditions.

MATHEMATICS

The mathematics offered in the high school comprises three half-years of algebra, three of geometry, and one of commercial arithmetic. The student of mathematics must acquire a certain minimum amount of knowledge of mathematics as a fundamental working basis. This is necessary for the continuance of the subject of mathematics, for the study of the allied sciences, and for the requirements of college entrance. The study of mathematics aims to do more than this. It furnishes exact assumptions from which unquestionable conclusions can be reached by strictly logical processes. Along with the habits of correct thinking and reasoning, the stu-



FACULTY



The Faculty

Behold our great Faculty, so staid and so wise,
Whose dignified frowns fill us quite with surprise.
Their knowledge appalls us; their scowls scare us stiff;
That they ever were children, is surely a myth.

They expect you to sit with your nose in a book,
Nor will they allow you to send even a look
To that sweet little darling, just three seats away;
If you do, why of course, there's deportment to pay.

And deportment has value, as perhaps you may know,
And it pays you to keep it, nor allow it to grow.
For in growing, you see, it can only grow less,
Then exemptions are gone and Exams, make you guess.

Did you think you might smile? Oh, don't be so bold!
For a look you will get that will make you turn cold.
Yes, the joke may be funny, and your sides be right sore,
But, "School is for work!" comes the faculty's roar.

Perhaps it's a note that you have in your sleeve,
And as you pass down the aisle you are planning to leave
It right there on her desk, in a free careless way,
If the Faculty sees you, your plan's gone "agley."

Or, perhaps, in the class-room you think you can pass
Just one word or two with some good lad or lass;
But behold, from the class you are quickly dismissed,
Then a conference that's private you must humbly enlist.

Or the day may be beaming with sunshine and fun
And you plan, all so nice, a good "grind" you will run.
A game at the Lake will furnish the ruse;
Of course mamma and papa will write the excuse.

But Monday dawns blue and grows bluer for you,
When you learn an excuse will n'er pull you through.
That for the whistle you blew on Friday so gay,
On Monday with the sweat of your brow you must pay.

Now, we'll look at this crowd, who so unfeeling can be;
Whose chief aim in life is to squelch you and me;
Who never were children, and never loved fun;
Whose faces would crack, should a smile o'er them run.

The leader is called plain Mr. Platt,
But don't you forget it, he knows where he's at.
You may think you can dodge him but you better not try,
For you can't get around him or escape his quick eye.



L. T. PLATT, Superintendent,
Latin.



J. H. WELDY, Principal,
Science.



LILLIAN E. EVANS,
English



GEO. L. LETTS,
History

Perhaps it's down stairs that you lightly would trip,
Three steps at a time, and the final long dip;
But there at the foot you receive just a sign,
You return to the top, to descend, one step at a time.

Or perhaps it is up, three or four packed abreast,
You are passing with many a joke and a jest;
At the top you are met with a quizzical smile,
And you return to the bottom, to come up single file.

One day, you remember, you loitered around,
The bell had stopped ringing, and the gong would soon sound;
To avoid being tardy you took a big hike
Across the green campus, there was no one in sight.

And then you recall how dead beat you did feel
When you were frankly reminded 'twas not a square deal;
And your steps you retraced quite sad and alone,
To reach the old School House by a path made of stone.

In class, I can tell you, he just makes things hum;
No lessons come there that are much on the bum.
Your eyes are wide open, and attention you pay,
You mind your p's and q's that period each day.

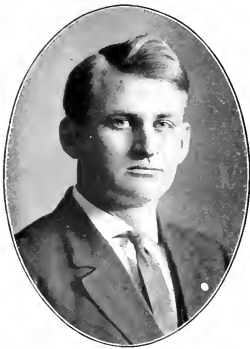
Order is his motto and order's what he's got;
There's not the least distinction, whether high or low your lot.
School was made for work, he says, and never was for play;
You've got to keep a hustling if in life you'd make your way.

Oh, he's a man of business and he can fill the bill;
We've never had one like him, and I guess we never will,
So we'll just keep him on, forever and a day,
As long as we're in High School and he'll consent to stay.

The man who's next in power is Weldy, Mr. John,
And he's a hummer, too, to teach you right from wrong.
Of course he's cross and crabbed, that's the boss's right;
But he keeps you straight and going with all your main and might.

He's a man of action with books and tools as well;
He's furnished all the school house with something pretty swell.
The laboratory's splendid with its tables bright and new,
And cupboards all divided in sections through and through.

In the assembly room you've noticed our cases tall and grand,
And in the center, just between them, the nobby little stand
For dictionaries numerous, of Webster and his tribe,
And magazines and papers and lots of things besides.



V. R. SHICK,
Mathematics



VEVA CASTELL.
English and Latin.

Mr. Weldy made them and placed them neatly there,
And they give our little school room quite an aristocratic air.
Perhaps, in the distant future, some knowledge he will impart—
Of keeping books in order with just a touch of art.

He teaches only Seniors but they always call him swell,
And I guess he is, just judging from the awful dreadful smell
That meets a fellow daily at the laboratory door,
Of Chemistry and Physics and other scents galore.

So he's another member we'd like to keep a while,
To organize the business and keep affairs in style;
Then if you want your records, about your Senior year,
You'll know just where to find them and they'll be stated clear.

Mrs. Fairfield's our artist, our teacher, our friend;
And our work has been good from beginning to end.
We've drawn, sketched, and painted, and cartooned, too, a bit.
We've made many a skillful picture that our teachers well would fit

Sometimes we're rather naughty, like lots of other folks,
You see, those Freshies' greenness makes mighty funny jokes;
And when we laugh and giggle as we simply feel we must,
Or something that's inside us is just a going to bust,

Why, Mrs. Fairfield scolds us, as we know a teacher ought--
She says we are more dreadful than she ever would have thought,
And if we're not more quiet she'll put it on our cards,
And then she just forgives us, and we're the best of pards.

But if you think we're idle and haven't labored hard aurl long,
Just look this Annual over and then you'll find you're wrong.
For every single drawing in it belongs to High School Art,
And nearly every pupil has had some little part

We're mighty proud, I tell you, of this our small display,
(Our teacher knows we're grateful for guidance all the way.)
But should you be offended at anything we've done,
We ask you to forgive us, and take it all in fun.

Miss Fertich teaches music, and she can teach it well,
On every Friday morning our chorus chimes do swell
So clear, and loud, and certain that all the glorious sound
Makes the little children speechless and holds them quite spell-bound.

Those who take the subject do surely get a rap
At sharps and flats and rests and beats and every little tap
That goes to make up music, clear through from A to Z,
With instruments and masters whose names are Greek to me.



MABEL E. FERTICH,
German and Supervisor of Music.



MRS. L. W. FAIRFIELD,
Supervisor of Drawing.

That she's a general favorite 'tis easy enough to guess,
There's always pupils 'round her, a dozen more or less;
All years are represented in this admiring train,
But, perhaps, the little Freshies are found there in the main.

Miss Castel just came such a short time ago
That we're hardly acquainted and her faults we don't know.
Perhaps she may have them but they're hard things to find,
And since we can't see them, we'll not trouble our mind.

She teaches Sophomore Latin and I guess she's hard enough;
We hear a lot of flunkers groan, "Gee! but Caesar's tough."
And Juniors, too, are weeping because their grades are low,
Now, don't they wish they'd studied, a year or so ago!

But now just let me tell you 'tis Seniors love her best;
She doesn't try to kill you or break your quiet rest
With Chaucer's tales and Shakespeare and all that other dope,
Until for you to graduate, there's scarcely any hope.

My thought was of Miss Evans, and say, but she's a fright;
She'd surely keep you going both morning, noon and night,
With Literature and writing of themes and letters long,
And poems of Thanksgiving and many another song.

Your work that's late is zero, to talk is of no use
Unless you'r sick or dead, and then you must have an excuse
"To be prompt is your education," she says with a sour smile;
And you wonder if education is all in life that's worth while.

Of course we're growing better, we can see it day by day,
But we wish our education could come in an easier way.
But as graduation nears us, perhaps the message will come
"The task was hard, you've conquered, receive the good 'Well done.'"

Now here's the man of banquets and all things good to eat,
And he's the jolliest fellow you'd ever want to meet.
His name is Mr. Letts, as you possibly may have heard,
He's big and tall and brawny, and if he should speak the word,

You'd just "skidoo," I tell you, as fast as ever you could;
Of course he'd never touch you, but if he ever should
There wouldn't be a frazzle left to tell that sad, sad story
Of how that wicked Junior was started off to glory.

He teaches all the history, and say, but he's the stuff;
With news reports and law class, I guess he does enough.
And you bet you he can orate, you just should hear him roar,
His voice would beat Dan Webster's, and reach ten blocks or more.

We're mighty glad he's with us for at least another year
Because to see his smiling face just fills you up with cheer;
No matter where you meet him, his hat he'll always doff,
But the smile will remain forever the same; it simply won't come off.

Last, but not least, we'll have you understand
Comes Mr. Shick, the baby, but gracious sake o'land!
How he does pound it to you, Freshman, Juniors, all,
He never heard of mercy or mercy's gentle call.

He's stern and strict and serious and never wears a smile,
You've got to watch your turn and take it, he'll give no second trial.
But never mind, he's dandy and he's got his business fine
And we're getting Mathematics to every curve and sign.

But of course he's going to leave us, that's always just the way,
When we really get a teacher, we can't cough up the pay.
In basket-ball he's "serum," the best that can be found;
With him you'd see us star in all the country 'round.

Of love and all its riddles he knows an awful sight;
And notes of all description he figures out just right.
No matter what the symbols you might adopt and use,
He simply says, "Well, Meyers, I'll read it if you choose."

When he's gone we'll miss him as many another will.
Next year, how many maidens will hold his memory still
As lovingly and tender as if he still were theirs;
For one, how very lonely the hall-way and the stairs!

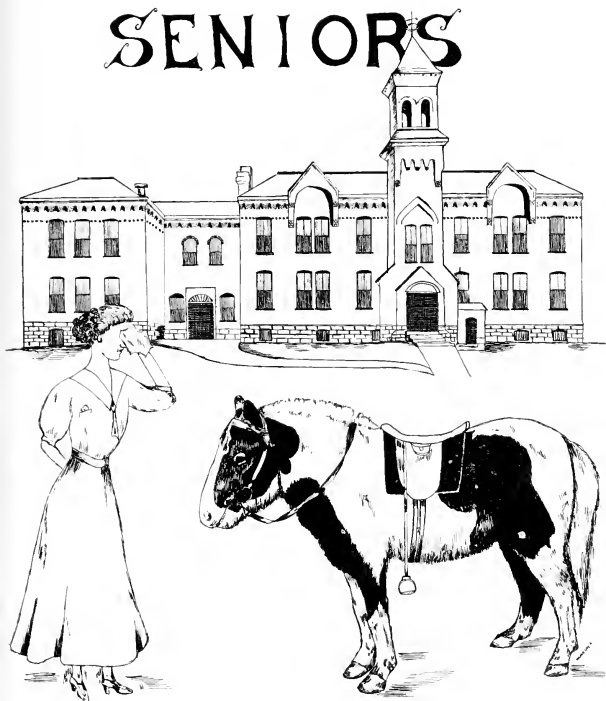
Since now my story's ended, what do you suppose!
My mind has greatly altered on coming near the close.
I find this bunch of teachers not near so cross and mean
As when I started writing, I tried to make them seem.

I've observed they're always busy and now I plainly see
They're working every minute to help just you and me.
They want us to be noble, to be true and honor bright
That our victories may be glorious in life's long strenuous fight.

And now, dear teachers, truly, I'll tell you what we'll do,
We'll make an honest effort to have your dreams come true.
We'll stick to school and study, we'll fight for the good square deal,
And whatever our work, we'll do it with all our might and zeal.

Now here's to you in the future, when you're scattered far and wide,
May God protect and keep you and ever be your guide.
And here's success to crown you; we couldn't offer less
To those who know not failure: The Faculty of A. H. S.

SENIORS



Senior Class

Officers

President	Clifton Freligh
Vice President	Arla Pence
Secretary	Mabel Fast
Treasurer	Alda Weir
Valedictorian	Warner Woodring
Salutatorian	Wilma Coy
Historian	Florence Gilmore
Poet	Muriel Watkins
Prophet	Clela Omstead

Motto

Impossible is un-American.

Colors

Red and White

Flower

Red and White Rose

Yell

Bizzle! Dazzle! Bizzle! Dazzle!
Biff! Boom! Bah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!



WAVA PHILLIPS

May 5, 1892

Wava came to us in our Senior year from LaGrange, where she graduated in the class of 1910, to complete a longer course in our High School. Her home is in Flint, Ind.

"For her knight was a Junior lad."



ENOLA HENDRY

March 18, 1893

Like all other good people, Enola has her troubles; but the troubles of "the tender teens" cannot affect a sunny disposition like hers.

"Not so happy, yet much happier."



RALPH ORWIG

Jan. 29, 1894

Ralph the Quiet, hailed us from Pleasant Lake this year. He is a natural business man, which is shown by the fact that he used to run a store at the Lake.

"He had a rustic, woodland air.

And he was wildly clad."



ARLA PENCE

Feb. 18, 1893

Arla is so small that she has had her heart broken several times, but it seems to be getting better now.

"There was a time when I was very small."



LOIS CASTELL

Feb. 14, 1894

Lois is a general favorite and a good student. Indeed, the class in Physics seems to abound in good students, and Lois is not an exception.

"E'en yet in Virgil I could scan or spell."



CLIFTON FRELIGH

Jan. 23, 1895

Clifton is a representative of the far west and a retired broncho-buster. His favorite past-time is farming.

"No one could quicker pitch a ton,
Or draw a furrow straighter."



CLELA OMSTEAD

April 22, 1893

During the two years Clela has been with us, her only mission has been to be good and make others do the same. She has the faculty of making everybody happy.

"She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty."



JOYCE CREEL

April 22, 1893

Joyce is as happy and free as a bird—most of the time. The rest of the time, she is just as happy but not quite so free. Her specialty is piano duets.

"Above the crowd,
On upward wings I would but soar."



MABEL RINEHART

Feb. 21, 1893

Mabel drives to school every day from her home in the country. Her specialty is breaking the hearts of curly headed Junior lads.

"The gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er wave and angry gust."

NOLA HANSELMAN

Oct. 23, 1891

It is said that a great deal of the student's knowledge depends upon a good teacher. Nola will be wise for she has a very good one.

"What ever the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending."

LEIGHTON B. WELLS

May 13, 1893

Leighton was formerly a grocery clerk, but he has reformed and is now meddling with music. He is our most accomplished clarinet player.

"The man who hath no music in himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

ALTA GILMORE

Dec. 1, 1893

Alta is another of our popular heart-breakers. Her conquests are frequent and furious. At present she is doing better.

"Fair was she to behold—that maiden of
seventeen summers."



WILMA COY

Jan. 15, 1893

Wilma is a model student in the school room, but she is somewhat addicted to society habits out of school.

"'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will."

NEVA DEWEY

May 30, 1894

Who dotes upon parties in the country where they play forfeit games.

"Therefore I tell it; or maybe,
Simply because it pleases me."

NED ETTINGER

August 8, 1893

Our handsome business manager is a basket-ball player, a base-ball enthusiast, and one of the most popular young men in school.

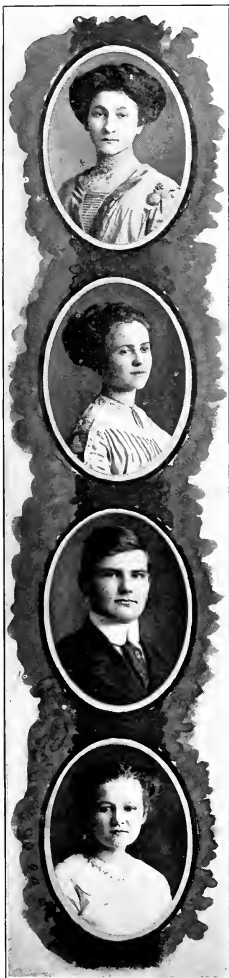
"He'd sparked it with full twenty gals.
All was, he couldn't love 'em."

PEARL BRENNAN

Nov. 27, 1894

Pearl is not very fond of social stunts, but she does like surprise parties on her friends in the country; and best of all the long drives home.

"Short and stout and round about."



OKEL MARK

April 15, 1893

Okel is our tallest brunette. By her example and force of character, she keeps unruly students down to earth. When she has work to do, she does it.

"If you would have a thing well done,
you must do it yourself."

LOIS McCOOL

Oct. 5, 1892

Lois has always been one of the moving spirits of the class. She is noted for patience and good humor. No one has ever seen her fretful or discouraged.

"She has two eyes, so soft and brown—
Take care!"

WARNER F. WOODRING Dec. 5, 1892

Warner is our most diligent and persevering student. He has never failed in anything he has undertaken.

"Ah, me! how weak a thing the heart
of woman is."

ALDA WEIR

Oct. 15, 1892

Alda signed a pledge at the beginning of the year not to whisper and write notes. She has done very well for a girl of her blithesome disposition.

"She spoke not a word, but went straight
to her work."

—CLIFTON FRELIGH



MURIEL WATKINS

April 2, 1893

Muriel has the reputation of being nice to everybody, but more especially to a handsome Junior lad.

"Oh! fairest of the rural maids."



ORINDA LAZENBY

Oct. 13, 1889

Orinda is so quiet that it would take a specialist to find her bad habits. Indeed, as far as we have been able to determine, she has none.

"Gentle and shy as a nun was she."



LOTTA LAZENBY

June 24, 1891

Lotta is one of our most studious fellow students. She delights in silence of all kinds.

"A golden mind stoops not to shows of dress."



MABEL FAST

July 16, 1894

Mabel has been known to study six nights in a week—which is something new for these parts. Doubtless, it is because she started her education in Polk, Ohio.

"With her beauty magnified—

And her looks more dignified—

She wore specks."



FLORENCE GILMORE July 3, 1893

When a girl has golden hair, count her good humored. Florence is no exception to this rule. Her sunny disposition and quiet, forceful manner has placed her among the leaders of the Senior class.

"Therefore to her the laurel leaves belong."

HAZEL KIRK Nov. 27, 1894

Hazel is an exception to a very general rule, for she says she would rather study than do anything else.

"Honor come to those who for it strives."

FAYE BURT Oct. 19, 1892

Faye Estella is one of the popular girls of the school. Her specialty is Freshman Latin.

"Whatever you do, do it with a will."

BESS HARDING April 8, 1892

Bess is one of our most successful hostesses. She has entertained crowds of all sizes and sorts. Her worst habit is buggy riding.

"And what a wealth of golden hair lay on her forehead."

SENIOR CLASS POEM

To thee we sing, oh, loving High School dear,
With hearts that prize thy words of counsel kind,
Which teaches the future ne'er to fear
And worthy deeds their true reward to find.

To thee we sing thy love sincere, thy praise,
Which in our loyal hearts secure we hold
As treasure dear, a prize for future days—
While mem'ry lives its joys shall ne'er grow cold.

To thee we sing, for much to thee we owe;
The strength of knowledge—'tis a fount of life,
The shield of purpose, scorning effort low,
The sword of truth which conquers strife.

For these and more—the bond of friendship true;
The tie secure which all our hearts unite—
For thee, dear High School, praises high are due,
All these kind gifts will guide us in the right.

For by their aid bright laurels have we won,
And hope, in future, grander heights to gain
That by our lives and the good that we have done
The world may know thy care was not in vain.

Oh, High School dear, do bless thy children true
As here we gather 'round thy altar fair,
And now to thee we bid a last adieu
To meet new scenes, new lessons and new care.

—MURIEL WATKINS.



Junior Class

Officers

President	David Palfreyman
Vice-President	Frances Robertson
Secretary-Treasurer	Helen Kunkle
Poet	Edith Honess
Historian	Ina Storey

Motto

No crown without the dust of labor.

Class Colors

Black and Gold

Class Flower

Pink Tea Rose

Yell

Chick-a-lack-a, Boom-a-lack-a,

Wah! Wah!! Wah!!!

Juniors, Juniors,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Class Roll

Hazel Avery	David Palfreyman
Myrtle Blake	French Parsell
Corneal Bratton	Earl Rinehart
Marjorie Burkhart	Frances Robertson
Don Culver	Muriel Spears
Frank Deller	Irma Sniff
Ellen Dygert	Ina Storey
Zema Ettinger	Imo Smith
Jessie Evans	Wade Walsh
Burl Hall	Ruth Woodring
Edith Honess	Marjorie Wilson
Edna Kunderd	Glen Zimmerman
Helen Kunkle	Charles Kidney
Herman Kohl	George Butler
Dora Lazenby	Helen VanCleave
Clifton Mugg	Verlie Mountz
Vera Mundy	Lloyd Parr
Ruth Parsell	Maggie Parsons



Class Poem

Three years we have toiled and labored,
And now we are Juniors grand;
We have never been wild or wayward,
We're a wise and thoughtful band.

Thirty and two is our number,
And our colors are sable and gold;
We have never been known to blunder
As we march along to the goal.

"No crown without dust of labor,"
Our motto you know this to be,
With our colors the yellow and sable,
Our flower the Pink Rose you see.

Yes, three years we've toiled and labored,
And now we are Juniors grand;
But the good fruits of our labor
Will be shown in a Senior clan.

We'll work on, we industrious Juniors,
Show our worth in a hundred ways;
We'll work on, grand, glorious Juniors,
And crown with sweet glory our days.

—EDITH HONESS

JUNIORS

Listen, my schoolmates, and you will hear
Of the most illustrious class of many a year.
We are the Juniors now, you see,
The Seniors of nineteen twelve to be.
We're not crazy like the Freshies,
Nor silly like the Sophs,
Nor important like the Seniors;
Nor dignified like the Profs;
But we love our teacher dearly,
And prepare our lessons—nearly;
And, take everything into consideration,
Our equal can't be found in all creation.

—HELEN VAN CLEAVE, '12



SOPHOMORE.

Sophomore Class

Officers

President	Marlin Ettinger
Vice-President	Martha Pollock
Secretary-Treasurer	Winifred Parsell
Poet	Louise Powers
Historian	Florence Martin

Motto

Good, better, best, never let it rest
Until your good is better and your better best.

Class Colors

Old Rose and Cream

Class Flower

Pink Tea Rose

Yell

Rickety, Rackety, Rickety, Rix!
Will they beat us?
Nixy! Nix!
Rippety-rap! Rippety-russ!
Sophomores 32, That's Us!

Class Roll

Florence Abrams
Blanche L. Baker
Darl Brennan
June Creel
Crate Cope
Barbara Dodge
Peryl Dole
Heber Elliott
Marlin Ettinger
Paul Fast
Millie Harmon
Willie Harmon
Robert Hanselman
Birdena Hayward
Helen Hamlin
Enola Kreuder
Esther Mullenix
Florence Martin
Willa Morse
Cleon Noyes

Vera Orewiler
Lewis Parsell
L. D. Parrish
Winifred Parsell
Martha Pollock
Louise Powers
Sylvia Robbins
Dorothy Rakestraw
Wymond Ritter
Glada Shumway
Clyde Snellenberger
Ethel Sheffer
Helen Smith
Doris Wilson
Fred Wilcox
Florence White
Rachel Webb
Ruth Waller
Parepa Walker



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CLASS POEM

Here's to the worldly Sophomores,
Of the year that brings bad luck—
The class that does its duty,
And the class that won't give up.

Here's to the class that knows it all,
The one that never fails,
Some day its fame and virtue
Will be read as fairy tales.

Yes, to the Sophomores shall it be,
The best in all the school;
Which, above all other classes,
Is the Muses favorite tool.

—LOUISE POWERS



FRESHMEN.

Freshman Class

Officers

President	Eber Jeffery
Vice-president	Alonzo Meyers
Secretary	Ruth Miller
Treasurer	Burton Richardson
Poet	Donald Sheldon
Historian	Ruth Goodrich

Motto

Find a way or make one.

Class Colors

Orange and black

Class Flower

Rose

Yell

Rah! Rah! Re!
Who are we?
We'll be seen
In old '14!!
Freshmen!!!

Class Roll

Jimmie Butcher
Genevra Bixler
Roland F. Barker
Blanche Coy
Zema Carpenter
Lewis Carver
Edwin Carver
Tressie Culver
Ora N. Cole
Nora Carpenter
Florence Dygert
Adah Doyle
Kenton Emerson
Thomas Fairfield
Mark Frisbie
Florence Grass
Florence Garrett
Mildred Garn
Ruth Goodrich
Gertrude Greenlee
Harry Gilmore
Mildred Heckenlively
Roy Haggerty
Eber Jeffery

Rose Kohl
Harry Kankamp
Alonzo Meyers
Gladys McMillan
Ruth Miller
Glen Mannahan
Cecil Miller
Samuel Pence
Beatrice Parrott
Agnes Pollock
Alan Parsell
Burton Richardson
Berneice Ramsay
Clara B. Stout
Edna Segur
Cecil Swift
Paul Swift
Donald Sheldon
Sylvester Wisman
Sarah White
Adabelle Walcott
Ford Zimmer
Myrna Walter
Eunice Caldwell



CLASS POEM

We'er all mischevious Freshies
Of the honored A. H. S.;
And of all the H. S. classes,
The teachers like us best.

We'er all ambitious Freshies,
And we number forty-seven.
We'll be Seniors in nineteen fourteen,
We Freshies of nineteen eleven.

Those dignified, wise Seniors,
And those proud Juniors, too,
Seem to think themselves just it,
But we'll show them something new.

When everything is quiet
In the big Assembly room,
We just start something goin',
But the teacher's look comes soon.

Then everything is peaceful,
And books are studied hard;
For we don't care to have it
Down on our deportment card.

Some of us take Latin,
And some of us take Dutch;
But all of us take English,
Though our grade's not very much.

Then here's to the studious Freshies,
Of the honored A. H. S.
In school or out of school,
May they prove themselves the best.

—DONALD SHELDON

Trusts

TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Here's to our class,
Least but not last,
The best that was ever in school.
We have played and worked,
No duties we've shirked,
But followed the golden rule.

Here's to our class,
Which has plenty of gas;
That is, so the teachers say,
But of course it's not so,
As all of us know,
But that's just the teachers' way.

Here's to our class,
The Freshies that laugh
As though care was not in the world;
And although we are green,
It never is seen
When the black and gold flag is unfurled.

Here's to our class,
Which soon will be passed
From Freshmen to "IT" Sophomores;
But we're not so glad:
We really feel sad
To think that our green days are o'er.

BLANCHE COY. '14.

OUR FRESHMAN CLASS

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Freshmen,
The class of the Orange and Black;
More industrious pupils you will not find,
And spirit we do not lack.

The faculty view us with deepest respect,
And think us exceedingly bright;
And the rest of the folks in the old A. H. S.,
Love to have us around or in sight.

Then here's to the dear old Freshman Class,
The class of the Orange and Black;
And when we have left the old A. H. S.,
I know we'll wish we were back.

—AGNES POLLOCK, '14

Eighth Grade

Officers

President	Robert VanCleave
Vice-president	Constance Williamson
Secretary	Marjorie Kuakle
Treasurer	Augustine Williamson
Poet	Charles Smith
Historian	Sterling McClellan

Motto

Dare and Do

Class Flower

Tea Rose

Class Colors

Purple and Gold

Yell

Bring-a-whack-a!
Ching-a-whack-a!
Wah! Who! Wah!
Eighth Grade! Eighth Grade!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Class Roll

Frieda Benedict	Cecil Mark
Alice Bryan	Rowley Merriman
Bessie Coleman	Stirling McClellan
Florence Craig	Brown McCool
Libby Ewers	Eva Martin
Tom Emerson	Joyce Miller
Floyd Carmony	Ralph Patterson
Grace Garrett	Kenneth Rathbun
Floy Hammond	Loula Rinehart
Maud Harmon	Martha Sheffer
Dorothy Harmon	Berneice Strayer
Adah Hendry	Charles Smith
Ralph Harmon	Clair Spears
Charlie Higby	Augustine Williamson
Russel Kundard	Winifred Walcott
Marjorie Kunkle	Marian Welch
Mildred Leininger	Constance Williamson
Donald Laird	Robert Van Cleave



GRADE TEACHERS

(Left to right, upper row.)

NELLIE REED, Seventh Grade.

GRACE KEELER, West Ward.

ALICE MATHEWS, First Grade.

LUTHER PLATT, Superintendent.

ELSIE HAYWARD, Fourth Grade.

GRACE CRAIN, North Ward.

(Lower row.)

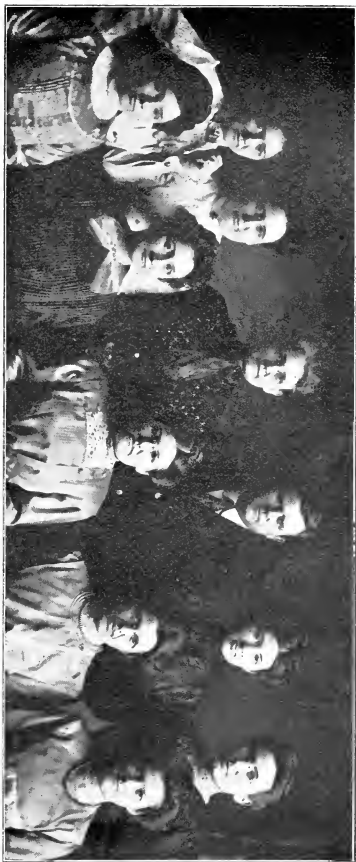
MAUD SCHOVILL, Third Grade.

GRACE FRENCH, Fifth Grade.

MARY F. BARKER, Sixth Grade.

LUELLA REMPIE, Eighth Grade.

RUTH KEEP, Second Grade.



To Mr. Wilcox

The Angola High School boasts not only of a group of most efficient teachers, but of a most efficient janitor as well. Honored by all who know him, respected by every student, loved by the little ones who flock to him at recess time to have their pencils sharpened, Albert W. Wilcox—better known as Bert—has won a most enviable place in the hearts of all. Never too weary to smile at the close of a long day's labor, never shirking from those tedious little tasks which a janitor finds to do, always ready to help in any undertaking which may benefit the school, he has attained the place, "Second to None" in the long list of the school's genial janitors. Mr. Wilcox, believing that each day in the year is the best day, goes about his work with a bright and merry smile.

So here's to Bert, and may he retain in the years to come the same position in the hearts of all that he has so honorably won; and may he live to see the tree of his endeavors blossom forth and bear fruit that will benefit all who partake of it.

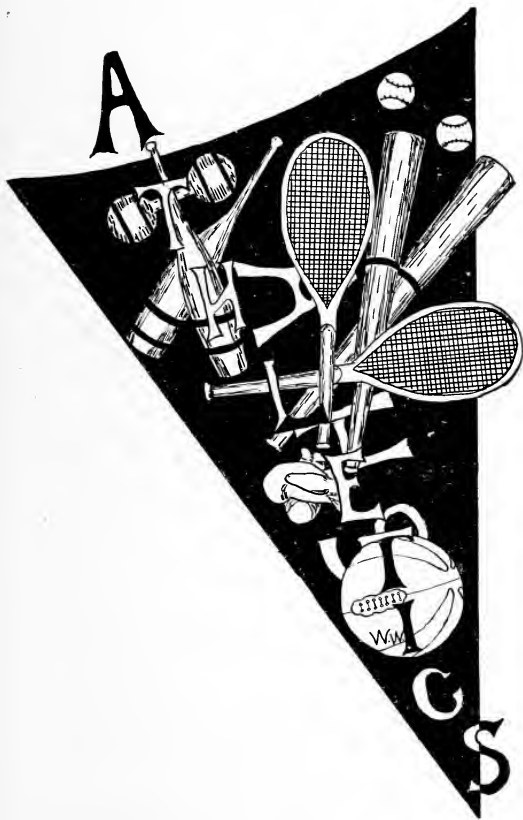


Board of Education

The Board of Education of a system of city schools is the most important body of men in the community. It assumes the responsibility for the future citizenship of the community; it has in its control the mental, moral, and physical welfare of the school child. Large sums of public money are entrusted to its care to spend economically for the comfort of the pupils.

This body of three men assumes the above responsibilities with meager pay. The board is elected by the City Council. One member is elected each year and holds his office for three years. The new term of office begins the first of August of each year.

The three men comprising the Board of Education in Angola are Dr. F. B. Humphreys, President; Mr. U. L. Wambaugh, Secretary; and Mr. Charles A. Yotter, Treasurer. These persons are busy men and exercise a great deal of business tact in the discharge of their duties. They are men who possess abundantly the progressive American spirit flavored with conservatism so necessary in public work. Under their efficient leadership the Angola Public Schools take their place in the front rank of the educational interests of Indiana.



Athletics

Athletics are valued and approved because they have a genuine place in a complete education, and because they give an opportunity for the development of interest and an enthusiastic school spirit in regard to physical training; but after all, the supreme object of this type of education, is to develop physique and health in all rather than athletic ability in a few.

The true end of physical training is not an athlete, a professional type of personality, but a well developed, thoroughly prepared man or woman. Athletics become, therefore, an incentive to work and the means to an end rather than an end in itself.

The high school should stand for all athletic activities conducive to good health and symmetrical physical development. Corrective and body-developing exercises, as well as recreative games, should form the basis of all outdoor and indoor athletics.

It is to be hoped that in the near future Angola High School may enter upon the plane where she belongs and give work in apparatus exercises, tumbling, wrestling, and fencing, as well as in basket ball and base ball.

In the latter part of last September, an association was formed to control all branches of athletics in the high school in conformity with the rules and regulations of the Indiana High School Athletic Association. The local organization was controlled further by Faculty supervision.

Our athletic activities have been confined almost entirely to basket ball. In this line of sport we feel that we have been very successful, taking all things into consideration. When we started in last fall with two of the previous year's men, conditions seemed very favorable; but in the hardest part of the schedule one of these men dropped out, compelling us to develop an almost entirely new team. The boys responded with their best efforts and fought for every game with true sportsman-like courage; and as a result we came out at the end of the season with a good per cent. of the games.

The boys are to be congratulated on the class of students with whom they came in contact in the meets. Nowhere did we find a rough, boisterous element, such as sometimes bring athletics into disrepute. This shows that athletics have been placed in the high schools of the state for a purpose and under proper supervision. As a result of this proper management and lofty purpose, athletics are in the schools to stay.

We are glad to see the girls take enough interest in athletics to organize a basket ball team in the early part of the season. They did not play as many games as the boys. However, they put in some good practice and thoroughly enjoyed the games played. At the end they had won two games and lost two.

The members of the A. H. S. A. A. desire to express their highest appreciation to Mr. Shick, their coach-manager, for the excellent service which he has rendered the Association.



Quiet street,
Banana peel,
Big fat man,
Virginia reel.



Quiet street.
Banana peel.
Big fat man.
Virginia reel.

BOYS' BASKET BALL SQUAD

Clyde Snellenberger, Captain.

Wade Walsh	Ned Ettinger
Don Culver	Herman Kohl
Clifton Mugg	Imo Smith
Corneal Bratton	

GIRLS' BASKET BALL SQUAD

Helen Kunkle, Captain.

Helen VanCleave	Syivia Robbins
Winifred Parsell	Ellen Dygert
Lois Castell	Nora Carpenter
Martha Pollock	Edna Segur
Jimmie Butcher	

Schedule of Games

Winning Team	Losing Team	Score	Place	Date
Angola	Hamilton	45-24	Angola	Oct. 28
Angola	A. H. S. Alumni	30-27	Angola	Nov. 4
Angola	Pioneer, Ohio	31-20	Angola	Nov. 11
Columbia City	Angola	32-25	Angola	Jan. 13
Angola	Hamilton	17-15	Hamilton	Jan. 20
Coldwater, Michigan	Angola	32-25	Coldwater	Jan. 28
Angola	County Teachers	50-13	Angola	Feb. 3
Coldwater	Angola	29-24	Angola	Feb. 4
Angola	T. S. C.	19-16	Angola	Feb. 8
Angola	Hillsdale, Michigan	33- 9	Hillsdale	Feb. 11
Pioneer	Angola	38-37	Pioneer	Dec. 12
Andrews	Angola	47-18	Andrews	Feb. 25
Angola	Hillsdale	30-27	Angola	Mar. 10



TO OUR BASKET BALL BOYS

So here's to our team, to our basket ball boys,
With their groans of defeat and victory's glad noise;
With their noses unjointed, their heads badly split;
With their loud striped stockings, and their clothes that won't fit.

And here's to their signals, their baskets, and fouls;
Their temples so ruffled, fists clenched, and dark scowls;
And here's to their smile and the goodly square deal
That banish hot anger and true manhood reveal.

And here's to them later, when the school game is done,
And on life's slippery floor there are games to be won;
May their field work be perfect, and so true their free throws,
That Angels will umpire the game to its close.

—L. E. E.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK PROGRAM

Friday, June 2.....	Class Day
Sunday, June 4.....	Baccalaureate Sermon
Monday, June 5.....	Faculty Reception
Tuesday, June 6.....	Junior Reception
Wednesday, June 7.....	Class Play
Friday, June 9.....	Commencement
Saturday, June 10.....	Junior-Senior Picnic

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

March	Wilma Coy
Spring Song	Ladies' Chorus
Salutatory	Wilma Coy
History	Florence Gilmore
Piano Solo	Neva Dewey
Oration—"Reaction is Equal to Action".....	Ned Ettinger
Clarinet Solo	Leighton Wells
Poem	Muriel Watkins
Prophecy	Clela Omstead
Piano Duet	Lois Castell, Faye Burt
Will	Joyce Creel
Address	Clifton Freligh
Valedictory	Warner Woodring
Class Song	Seniors

Salutatory

With the voice of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven, I bid you welcome here this afternoon. We are very grateful for the interest shown in us in the past and for your interest at the present time, manifested by your presence here this afternoon. This is our last day of school, and we are both glad and sorry that this is the case: glad to have been able to do four years of high school work, but sorry that our happy high school days are over. Although the friendships among the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven will always be warmly continued, yet full well we know it will not be that same close friendship which has attended us through the years of our high school life.

We realize now as we have never realized before what it means to have a high school education. We can hardly think of ourselves as we would be without the knowledge of Latin, Science and the other branches of study common to a high school course, and the incidental lectures which have been rendered to us in the class-room and the office. If we had finished only the Eighth Grade work, or if we had dropped out of school during the Sophomore or Junior year, how sad we would feel to attend the commencement exercises of this graduating class! We are certainly very fortunate to have the opportunity to graduate, especially from the schools of today.

The schools which our fathers and grandfathers attended, did not possess the advantages which belong to our schools today. In their day greater sacrifices had to be made in order that they might attend school; and only those things were taught which were absolutely necessary. Many of the subjects found in the curriculum today were not known well enough to be taught in those days. But as time passed by the schools were improved, and they have steadily advanced until we now have the well equipped schools of today. We do not value sufficiently the sacrifices that have been made for us by our parents, nor do we always remember the wonderful patience which our teachers have always shown with us. But today, as we look back over our school life, we can, in a measure, realize our indebtedness to those who have made our graduation possible.

Since we have enjoyed so many privileges and benefits in the public school, it is our duty to make the most of these advantages in the future by making the most we can of ourselves. Our appreciation of the efforts of the preceding generation will be shown by what we, the present generation, do for the next. It is evident that all of us will not take up the same line of work; but let us make the most of our opportunities. There are none of us who will say that education is not always worth while, for we know that nothing great is accomplished in which education does not play an important part. The advancement of the world is brought about largely through education; and if we live up to our possibilities the generation which follows

us will be better for our effort. If every one could have the start in life which the members of this graduating class have received, the progress of future years would be marked indeed.

But I know you are anxious for the program which is to follow, and I trust you will enjoy it. Although our past history is known to you, yet our historian will bring up facts of our illustrious past that have escaped from your memories; we are always interested in things to come, and so we shall be pleased to learn something of our future from our prophetess; by our class will we give up the things for which we will not have further use; lastly, our valedictorian will give you the parting message of our class.

Therefore, with much pleasure, in behalf of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven, I bid you welcome to this occasion, which is to us the greatest in all our high school career.

—WILMA COY

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

In September, 1907, forty-six trembling little Freshmen made their appearance at the doors of the A. H. S. They came with spirits high and presented to their leader their hard earned material from which to fashion their crafts to sail life's sea.

Under wise guidance they all started from port but, alas, some were wrecked and heard from never more! However, these unfortunate ones were few for the most of them had builded their barks well and could overcome any difficulty that presented itself.

By the first of June these little crafts entered port and could see that fancy of their dreams, the Sophomore sea. All had done their work so well, fashioning their vessels and steering clear of the rocks, that they were permitted to enter that new sea.

During their voyage as Sophomores, they encountered so many more rocks that they looked upon their former voyage as smooth and easy sailing. The most dangerous rock was that of Geometry. But because the barks were so strong and their pilot so good, they steered for and safely reached the Junior port.

The Junior sea looked stormy and rough but the voyagers took heart and started out bravely. Some fell prey to that terrible monster, Cicero, but with the aid of their companions, they overcame him and forced him to beg for mercy.

When these storm-tossed barks reached the Senior port, they were sadly disabled; but with some repairing they set sail on that wondrous Senior sea.

All struggled hard on that last voyage, cheering and helping one another. Their barks were scarred and weather beaten, indicating that the voyage had been a strenuous one.

—FLORENCE GILMORE.

REACTION IS EQUAL TO ACTION

In all the universe, rest is nowhere to be found. The winds that come and go; the ocean that throbs ceaselessly along its shore; the earth that soars about the sun; the light that darts through space—all bear witness to a universal law of nature. No energy is ever lost. The form changes, it may be, but the eye of science readily detects it, and drives the ancient clement from its hiding place, unchanged. Energy may disappear from the earth. Still:

"Somewhere yet that atom's force
Moves the light-poised universe."

It was left to Sir Isaac Newton to throw into a brief generalization one of the most comprehensive, as well as one of the most significant, of all of Nature's laws. "Action is equal to reaction, and in the contrary direction"—this was the great scientist's deduction from the whole range of physical facts. Of the positive affirmation in the statement of the principle, men no longer entertain the slightest doubt. The most familiar observations, such as the bird beating the air with its wings; the fish driving its fins against the water; the cannon ball hurling itself forward from the impact of the powder's force—these and a thousand other common facts of life destroy all chance to doubt.

To reverse the statement, however, and assert, negatively, that "reaction is equal to action," is at once to introduce less familiar lines of thought. Judged by the usual habits of thought and conduct, action appears to be the main, if not indeed, the sole consideration. That the bird should put forth its wings to fly; that the fish should put forth its fins to swim; that the torch should be put to the powder—this, to the average way of thinking, constitutes the supreme consideration. But, it may be fairly asked, what of the effect produced by all these displays of energy? What will the beating of its wings do for the bird? What will the igniting of the powder do for the cannon ball—it may be for the history of the race? Manifestly, the reaction is sublimely important.

We have now come to that day in our lives wherein the practical, rather than the scientific, application of the principle is of deepest interest to us. With the foundation of our education laid, and a practical life of action now open to us, we have just reason to feel that we are called upon to consider, not simply what work we are to do in this world, but what that work, whatever it may be, shall do for us. If action is equal to reaction, and in the contrary direction, what may we venture to hope may come to us in the end, in the nature of reactions, for all the efforts we may make, for all the ambitions and desires which we may spend our lives to gratify? Let us consider a few simple ambitions.

Suppose this day we are concerned for office, for the honors and distinctions which positions, social and civil, confer upon us. Still the voice of ambition will call upon us to be cheered by the praises and honors which the desire for office will yield, and yet there is the calm insistent voice of

conscience to remind us of our dangers, and of the tremendous powers for reacting upon our characters, which such positions inevitably bring. Thoughtful men of our age are just beginning to realize the importance of the principle of the interaction between "office and the man." Little by little an entirely new range of questions are coming into the mind. Does the man make the office, or does the office make the man? How does office affect men's individuality? Can office develop character, or undermine it? Before the die is cast, a man, of course, may for many of us become a bird from the limb of that selfsame influence and power, we may well find that through the avenues of office, either social or civil, they easily "Rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things," or do Burns' words seem more nearly just:

"What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined."

Suppose a life of ease, luxury and pleasure now appears to us the highest good. Are we able to look ahead and to consider what the reaction of such a life must necessarily be? George Elliott in her "Romola," gave to the world one of the best illustrations of this kind of life. In her character of "Tito" she portrays the life of a youth who entered upon life with the greatest possibilities. But Tito quickly learned to avoid the steep highway of life, and to choose instead the selfish path of ease. He slipped out of the things that were difficult and unpleasant; he desired the things that were comfortable and appealing to the senses. At length a harvest day came. A mind degraded, a body dishonored, a wife driven to despair, a father goaded to desperation, a most horrible justice pursuing him and overtaking him in the end—this was the reaping of his sowing. George Elliott said, "You talk of substantial good, Tito! Is it good that we should harden our hearts against the wants and hopes of those who have depended upon us? There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking about pleasure or rewards and strives to endure what is hard and painful."

Reaction is equal to action. The best word for us today is that old, familiar, venerable word, Duty. There can be no great success in life without there is first a great effort. If the cause is cheap, the result must be poor and unworthy.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

In the end, may it appear for us all that life has yielded strength, goodness and happiness as the reaction of our endeavor.

—NED ETTINGER

SOAP BUBBLES

It was one of those rare days in June when all the world seems wrapped in nature's splendor, that I, while lounging lazily about in my room, sought to amuse myself by exploring the contents of an old and worn-out trunk. I raised the lid and almost instantly my glance fell upon an old clay pipe with which I had blown soap bubbles many decades ago. Again the fancy seized me to indulge in my childish pastime. Energy may disappear

I was soon engaged in blowing that atom's force suddenly attracted by the picture which appeared in one of them. The vegetation indicated that the landscape might be a tropical one. The scene was a village and the people, whom I supposed were native, were of a dusky color. Among these natives I noticed a few people who wore American dress. I studied a few moments and then it came to me that this surely must be in the Philippines. Naturally I watched the Americans. At last I saw two women enter a large building. It was of simple structure without sides, having only a roof and a floor. There were many seats placed about in the room, (if it could be called one.) The two women took their places at a desk. Soon a large number of native boys and girls came into the room and sat down. One of the women arose and began to talk. I thought her face seemed familiar. Who could it be? I soon discovered, with surprise, that it was Florence Gilmore. Then I looked again at the woman at the desk and saw Wilma Coy. Who would have thought that any of the graduates from A. H. S. in 1911 would become teachers in the Philippines!

The next scene carried me back to America to the little town of Angola. In a neat and cozy little room were three women industriously sewing on an elaborate white dress. Although there were streaks of gray in their hair, I recognized them to be Mabel Rinehart, Wava Phillips, and Orinda Lazenby. The dress looked very much like a wedding dress, and for the life of me, I couldn't tell to which one of the trio the gown belonged, they were all so intent and interested. But when I looked **into** the matter, **over** it, and **at** it, I discovered that those girls were just trying to cover up their big "gobbly" stitches. I heard one of them snap up, "Well, it's good enough for Enola Hendry anyway, especially if she is going to marry that college fellow."

The next picture was a beautiful scene at a summer resort on the Atlantic. On the beautiful lawn in front of the large hotel were scattered groups of merry laughing girls. Among them I picked out Alta Gilmore, Joyce Creel and Faye Burt. Their coquettish glances were directed toward a certain young gentleman who was sitting on the veranda. I wondered who the young man could be that was causing so much excitement among the girls. Oh, yes! It was that fellow from Orland whom I had seen about Angola a few years ago.

The following scene was in mid-air. An aeroplane with three occupants was slowly wending its way across the heavens. I could not imagine

anyone I knew sailing around in an aeroplane. But as it came nearer and nearer the features of Alda Weir, Okel Mark and Nola Hanselman were plainly distinguishable. Alda was managing the machine, and I thought she was just learning for suddenly the aeroplane, occupants and all became entangled in a tree top several rods below. Then I saw what before had escaped my notice: a man, of course, of the fat and jolly type was pulling taffy from the limb of that selfsame tree. If you tell me how a humming-bird knows where the flower with the honey cup is, I will tell you why sweetness with rosy cheeks and flashing eyes, even when sailing around on the dizzy heights of the aeroplane boulevard, sniffs sweetness at a distance and desires nothing so much as to be fed a little "taffy." "Like attracts like," says the sage of the Physics class.

Then the bubble burst and I quickly blew another, hoping to see the outcome, but in this I was disappointed for the scene changed again. This time a country home came before me. It was a quiet looking place and all the buildings were painted white. In the barn door stood a woman shelling corn and throwing handfuls of the grain to flocks of pure white little chickens. Who was the woman, and why was everything painted white? Surely it must have been Lois McCool, for she always had a fondness for white.

I next saw a street scene in Angola. Everything had the appearance of an election day. At the polls several women were voting, who seemed to enjoy it. Soon Mabel East, Bess Harding and Hazel Kirk took their places among the rest. At last they had gained the privilege for which they had worked in the Parliamentary Law Class of 1911.

In the fourth bubble was a very large hospital, bearing on its top, a cross. Could this be a Catholic hospital? It certainly was, for there were Lotta Lazenby, Pearl Brennan and Muriel Watkins richly attired in the black robes of sisterhood. I watched them for some time gliding noiselessly in and out of the large hall, ministering to the wants and cares of the sick. I was so interested that I could have watched them much longer, but—pop went the bubble!

Wondering what would come next, I blew another. In this one I saw a large theater. The house was crowded with spectators and the actors and actresses were playing, "As You Like It." The audience was being entertained by the pranks of the jester. I was just a little surprised when I saw it was Clifton Freligh. I could almost hear some of his "back-alley English" he appeared so natural. I would surely have become reminiscent at this point but a "between act" in these words floated to my attentive ears:

"You're an old hen,
You're **one** old hen,
You're **two** old hens,
You're **three** old hens."

The figure of the buffoon still lingered in my mind, and a combination of the two things caused me to jump at the conclusion that Mr. Freligh was calling me names; and in less time than it takes to tell it, my facile fist was ready for a blow, but lo, there stood Lois Castell singing those words over again. She must have been the original warbler, but whether the words of the lyric were directed toward the accompanist, Neva Dewey, or toward the violinist, Ned Ettinger, whose bobbed musician-like hair indicated that glory covered the head of the prodigy, I could not determine. The audience sat moved to tears by the melody of the strain, wholly unconscious of the meaning of the words, which they considered Italian. They did not recognize as easily as I that time-worn phrase of Lois' greener days.

In the next bubble I saw an inventor's shop. About the room was scattered various musical instruments. At the table sat Leighton Wells. He was just finishing a new invention, one on which he could play twenty instruments at one time. I knew from the expression on his face and the motion of his lips that he said, "Bless my soul, it works!" Near him stood a lady with light hair and brown eyes, who was as much interested as the inventor himself. It was Arla Pence. There they were, Arla and Leighton, so happy in their own little realm that they cared very little for the busy world outside.

The picture then faded, but another met my view, a winter scene of a country farm home. Inside the house was a Christmas tree laden with many gifts, while at the table were assembled many people. There were children of all ages. I counted them: one, two, three,—yes, there were nine. At the head of the table sat a stern looking man, whom I knew at once to be Ralph Orwig.

Then I passed a small country church, near which, poised as it seemed in mid-air, was Warner Woodring. I thought at first that he must have mastered all the knowledge on terra firma and had taken to the exploration of the aerial regions, and my next thought was that he must have discovered some new faculty related to the fourth dimension for propelling himself "through atmosphere and through air." But I still had another think coming, for the girl walking along the road carrying Warner's basket of greens proved to be his sister; and the enigma was solved. Warner was walking the telegraph wire for fear of getting his shoes muddy.

The bubble burst. I blew many more, but no more pictures appeared. I laid the pipe gently down and began to review what I had seen. It seemed to me that I had been on a long journey, but whether I was pleased or displeased with what I had seen, I could not tell for before the question was fully solved I was sleeping in my chair, dreaming of other lands and seas.

—CLELA OMSTEAD.



CLASS WILL

Know all Men by these Presents, That we, the undersigned, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven, of the Angola High school, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby removing and making void any other will, by us, at any time heretofore made:

To the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, we do give and devise the right to occupy the three rows of seats farthest to the west in the Assembly Room, provided that they do not in any way mar or deface the same; and provided further that the said class assume the responsibilities which will fall upon them as a Senior Class.

To the Sophomore Class we do hereby give and bequeath a new discovery. This discovery removes from the person any verdant appearance, thus preparing the said person for the ensuing year. We give a mysterious Oriental herb, also, which, if taken in small quantities, reduces the head size to normal.

We, the undersigned, do make, publish and declare the subjoined list of personal property in the following manner:

I, Warner Woodring, do give and devise my wonderful, almost super-human, ability to get the work from the Spectator Staff to the succeeding Editor-in-Chief.

I, Clifton Freligh, do give and bequeath my oratorical powers to any student who can bear the burden of the same; and furthermore, to Mr. Shick, one of my sweetest smiles.

We, Faye Burt and Ned Ettinger, do give and bequeath our powers to captivate innocent Freshmen to certain of the Juniors, these persons to be determined by the vote of the Junior Class.

We, the members of the Senior play, do devise our dramatic talent to the fortunate members of the Class of Nineteen Twelve.

I, Florence Gilmore, do leave my extra credits to any one so needing them.

We, Orinda and Lotta Eazenby, do give and bequeath to persons desiring it, our love of study.

I, Leighton Wells, do bequeath my ability to play the clarinet to any such person or persons who will not play for Class Day.

I, Lois McCool, do give and bequeath to any member of the Junior Class applying for same, my privilege of being excused during afternoons.

We, Wilma Coy, Mabel East and Clela Omstead, do give and devise our grade cards to Mr. Weldy as examples of Senior brilliancy.

I, Enola Hendry, do give and bequeath to the High School at large, my hearty laugh.

I, Neva Dewey, do give and bequeath to French Parsell my overworked, broken-down pony; provided, however, that he ride it not to an ingominious death.

We, Okel Mark and Lois Castell, do give and bequeath the memory of our quietness to be placed upon record in the A. H. S., as a sign that we were at one time, loyal students in the aforesaid institution.

We, Muriel W., Mabel R. and Nola H., do give and bequeath to the most timid girl of the Junior Class, our string of hearts.

I, Alda Weir, do give to any member or members of the A. H. S. the right to be an honorary member of the Anti-Mutts.

We, Pearl Brennan, Hazel Kirk and Wava Phillips, do give and bequeath our winning ways to the H. S. at large.

We, the undersigned, do hereby nominate and appoint J. H. Weldy executor of this our last will and testament. It being our desire that he be permitted by the court in which this will is probated to perform his duties without being required to give any bond as said executor.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names and caused our seal to be affixed, this, the second day of June, nineteen hundred eleven.

(Seal)

—CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED ELEVEN

VALEDICTORY

When as Freshmen, we entered High School, the four years intervening between us and the day of graduation seemed an almost interminable period of time. By some marvelous process, best known to the long-suffering faculty, knowledge began slowly to replace the green coloring matter so prominent in our composition. Time flew apace, and today we realize with a start that the time has come when we lose our membership in the student body of the Angola High School.

We feel genuine regret, not that we are about to join with others in life's struggle, but that the ties of class comradeship, which have bound us to one another as classmates and even, incredible as it may seem, to the Faculty, must be broken. The strength of these ties may be judged from the fact that some of us who are now Seniors entered school together in the Primer Class twelve years ago.

Almost painful, too, is the realization of freedom from the decrees of the Board of Education, with which we have so often come in contact. We shall miss that Board of Education also, which hung conveniently near in the wood-shed and which came in violent contact with us on the evenings of those warm days of spring when all nature called, and the only logical method of procedure was to "grind." Yet we would not have it otherwise, for we now see the consummation of four years of hard labor.

Until recently, the term commencement seemed ill-applied to an event which seemed to terminate our school life. It seemed, rather, the **end** of all things. But now we see more clearly and feel that we are about to be promoted into the oldest school in existence, the University of Experience. We must face its tests and quizzes, and have our deportment judged by less kind critics than our present instructors.

During our course in High School, we have learned that if we wish to succeed, we must keep our work up to the standard set; and if the school is a good one the standard must be high.

What is our standard? To a certain extent each of us must fix his own, for it will be his highest conception of duty to God and man. We must seek such a standard earnestly and ~~without~~ selfishness, and make our achievements conform to it. By doing this against all the resistance which we shall meet in the world, we shall not only have a high record for efficiency in life's school, but we will be fitted for another, richer life after graduation.

It is the true knight's creed to right the wrong. As we look about us, we see great evils threatening the life of the nation: greed for unlawful wealth, lack of patriotic devotion, self-seeking in politics. Analysis of all of these show their basic element to be selfishness, the desire of man to acquire more than is lawfully his share. If the true standard of life were universally adopted, such selfishness could not exist. It is for us, therefore, to keep this standard before the eyes of men. The world may laugh at us, declaring that each class of graduates has its panacea for the world's ills. History shows that it is only the dreamer who has not manhood enough to put his ideas into service, who may be sneered at. We trust that we have the necessary qualities to do our duty.

These qualities have been largely developed by our work in this school. Now we must formally sever our connection with it, but we shall never lose our affection for it. This affection with gratitude, and the old spirit of class loyalty, will remain with us forever. With these sentiments warm in our hearts, and with high hopes for the future, to the school as an institution, to the body of under-classmen with whom we have associated, and to the Faculty, who have so greatly aided us in fixing the true standard of life, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven bids a fond and reluctant farewell.

—WARNER WOODRING.

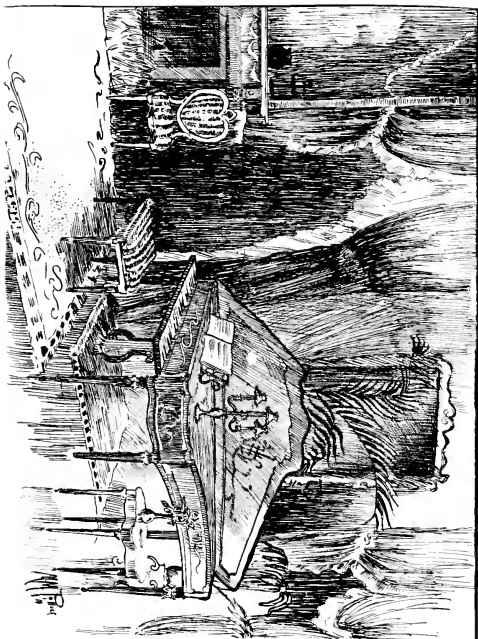


Senior Play

Cast of character in the order of their appearance.

Frank Barnes, member of the Delta Beta Frat.....	Imo Smith
Fred Wheeler, member of the Delta Beta Frat.....	Lloyd Parr
Mr. Trix, a foot ball coach.....	Leighton Wells
Ruben Rustic, from Haystack Ranch.....	Don Culver
Maud Davis, most popular girl on the campus.....	Arla Pence
Miss Prue, an antiquated chaperon.....	Bess Harding
Harry Randolph, a Freshman from the White Horse Ranch....	Ned Ettinger
Ruth Randolph, Harry's sister	Alta Gilmore
T. L. Tintype, a photo agent	Clifton Freligh
Walter French, member of the Delta Beta Frat.....	Herman Kohl
John Taylor, member of the Delta Beta Frat.....	Ralph Orwig
The Nurse, who lives on the campus.....	Florence Gilmore
Mr. Randolph, Harry's father.....	Warner Woodring
Foot Ball Team, Rooters, Members of Various Drills, Male Quartette, Mem- bers of Faculty.	

MUSIC



Music

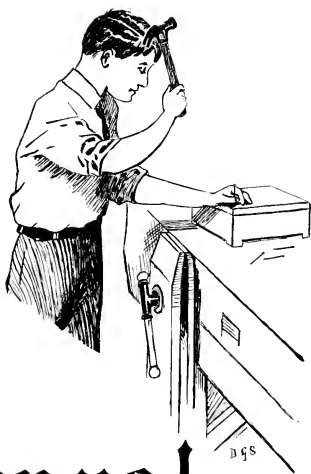
The subject of music, as it is presented in our High School, is intended to be of general culture value to the pupil. An individual usually seeks a private teacher in order to become proficient as a performer on a musical instrument or as a vocalist, but our High School course seeks to give the pupil a general survey of music as a science and an art, which every cultured individual should have even if he never becomes a vocalist or an instrumentalist. The High School seeks to increase the pupil's power to understand, appreciate and enjoy music; to acquaint him with the history of the art, as well as with the individuals who have had a part in that history; and to make known to him what the best productions in music are. Opportunity is given in the chorus work to learn some of the best standard songs. The pupils are urged to seize every opportunity for hearing the best renditions of musical selections, which will aid them in creating an appreciation for musical talent and production.



Art

Art is not a thing to be done, but the best way of doing whatever needs to be done. If art is true, it has a very vital relation to everything we do. It touches the little things of life as well as the great things; it influences the child in the school room as well as the artist in the studio. In other words art is not what we do but how we do it.

It is believed that the study of art can be presented in such a way as to equip the high school student with the knowledge of the principles of art. This will give him a better appreciation of good work and a fuller understanding of art in its relations to his own life; namely, in domestic and applied arts. With this truth in view, there is great hope for the future progress of art. What we want is truth and beauty in its broadest sense. These may be obtained by seeking honestly and unselfishly for the development of the true spirit of art.



Manual Training

Manual Training

During recent years, there has been increasing demand for vocational training in the public high schools of the country. To supply this demand courses of study in Manual Training have been organized. Three leading aims may be noted: (1) To give some skill in the use of common tools; (2) To develop the power to participate effectively in group activities; (3) To assist pupils in an intelligent choice of a life work.

The third aim is much more important than current practice recognizes, if not indeed the most important of all. The facts here are, briefly, that the choice of a vocation is the most momentous decision of the whole life; that the great majority make selection at an early age; that the selection is ordinarily a matter of chance and temporary expediency rather than the embodiment of a deliberate judgment regarding one's special lines of ability; that, apart from the shop, the school tends to send the boy out with strong bias towards commerce and away from the industries; and that the school shops, therefore, present the one chance under the conditions of modern town and city life for the boy with latent mechanical aptitudes to "find himself."

The Manual Training courses in our schools were extended this year to include the first year of the High School. A class of eight boys have been taking the work offered. The boys have taken keen interest in the work through the entire year, and the results obtained have been such as to warrant the further extension of the training courses so as to include the upper high school classes. The public at large will be given an opportunity to see and examine the articles made in our shops through an exhibit at the Angola Fair this fall.



Parliamentary Law

The Parliamentary Law class was organized in November by Mr. Letts. The members of this class agreed to call themselves Parliamentarians. The purpose of the organization was to make the students of the Angola High School proficient in the laws governing all assemblies. The class consisted of about twenty-five members of the High School, who met on Tuesday evening of each week.

At the first meetings a constitution and by-laws were adopted and the class at once began work in earnest. Roberts' Rules of Order governed all steps taken by the assembly in its work. National and state questions were discussed and debated. Before the year ended, every student of the class was able to take the chair, carry out measures and put motions through correctly.

With the help of Mr. Letts, who has proved an able and willing instructor, the pupils have made the work a success. The drill in Parliamentary Law has been found to be very helpful by the students of this year's class. It is to be hoped that a class will be organized for this special work in each succeeding year. The faculty have recognized the value of the work, and will grant credit for it.



LITERARY

Across the River

"I'm simply not going to paint any more," exclaimed Marguerite, and her easel and brush fell from her lap to the floor with a crash. "The colors simply won't jibe. I know how they ought to look but I can't make them look that way."

Marguerite Jongewaard, a girl of sixteen, sat gazing from the window of her little home which was situated among the foothills of the Cumberland mountains in Kentucky.

Marguerite had been fortunate enough to graduate from the village high school that spring. As she was an only child, her parents had tried to persuade her to remain at home with them. But, like all girls, she had high ambitions; and although she could sing and play very nicely, her one great hope was that she might some day become a great artist. She spent most of her summer afternoon in sketching little scenes along the river, a little stream which ran through a valley just below the cottage in which she lived. She tried to paint a picture of everything that appealed to her, but as she had never made a thorough study of perspective, her pictures were often crude and ill proportioned.

On this particular afternoon, her father and mother had gone to the village and left her alone in the cottage. As she sat gazing out of the window, she saw the mail man's carriage approaching the house. She bounded out of the house and down the road to meet him.

The man handed Marguerite a package, and as she took it he noticed an expression of disappointment come over her face. But she was a picture fair to look upon. Her brown curly hair was coiled in a neat braid around her head and a large black bow of ribbon served as a back ground to her rosy cheeks and sparkling brown eyes. Her dress was a dainty pink gingham made with low neck and elbow sleeves.

"Oh, Mr. Mailman," she cried, "That's another circular from an art school, and when you know father won't let me go, what makes you leave them?"

"I know it is too bad that you can't go," he replied, "but, my dear girl, think of how lonely it would be here in the valley if you would go away. Perhaps I can bring you something better to-morrow."

After the mailman left, Margaret strode back into the house, tearing the package open as she went. "Oh, what a pretty picture," she said when she caught sight of the cover. "A real landscape with a beautiful river in it just like mine." At this point she turned around and glanced down the valley. "Sure enough," she added, "there's a little road leading down to the bridge which crosses the river, just like ours, and a wood on the other side, some blue sky and oh, so many pretty things! I believe they have been down here and have made this little picture all on purpose for the catalogue. Well, anyway, I'm going to paint one just like it."

She ran into the house and soon returned with her painting outfit. After she had arranged herself comfortably on the bank of the stream with all her material scattered about her, she began to sketch, first from the picture on

the cover of the book, and then from the scene in front of her. She worked very hard for some time, and then she noticed that the road in her picture did not curve as gracefully as the real one which ran down the slope, made a slight curve, crossed the bridge, and then disappeared in the wood beyond. "Oh, dear," she sobbed, "I do wonder what ails it." Then she worked again even harder than before but with very little improvement. At last she threw herself back upon the bank and burst into tears, sobbing, "Why can't I paint like other folks." She wept bitterly until she fell asleep.

In the course of an hour or so, we might have seen another carriage drive up the slope toward the Jongewaard home. It was Mr. and Mrs. Jongewaard returning from town. As they drew near the stream Mrs. Jongewaard exclaimed, "Why, John, what can that be there on the bank?" They both looked hard to see who or what it might be. A few moments brought them to the side of the prostrate figure on the bank. Neither of the parents spoke, but both pairs of eyes looked upon the picture which lay in the girl's lap.

"I see it all," remarked the mother glancing wonderingly down the valley where a most beautiful scene met her gaze. The sun, slowly disappearing behind the trees, sent its rays through the openings between the leaves, reflected in the quiet little stream and made a beautiful picture.

"The poor girl," added Mrs. Jongewaard, "has tried to paint a picture of the valley and she has become discouraged because she couldn't make it look right."

"Mother," said Mr. Jongewaard as he stood looking at the catalogue, "let's send her to this school. It isn't so very far away from here. I know it will be mighty hard to have her away, but it is no more than right that we should give her a chance to develop her talent."

That night they told Marguerite of their plan to send her to college. It made her the happiest girl in Kentucky. She could not sleep a wink. All that week from early in the morning until late at night a dressmaker was engaged in making pretty frocks for Marguerite. Letters were written to the school, and all arrangements were made with the matron of the dormitory where Marguerite intended to stay.

On the following Monday afternoon, a carriage bearing Mrs. Jongewaard and Marguerite drove down the road. They were followed by Mr. Jongewaard in a wagon carrying Marguerite's trunk. They were all on their way to the station. Marguerite said nothing until the carriage reached the bridge. Then she glanced up and down the stream, and just as the back wheels of the carriage struck on the other side she remarked, "Mother, I have crossed the river."

The good little mother bit her lips and calmly said, "Yes, dear." Then glancing at her daughter, she noticed a few tears trickling down her cheeks.

Marguerite, sobbing, said, "But it will be nice, won't it, if I learn to paint real good, even if I do have to leave the dear valley for a while? People can't always be at home, can they?"

"No, my child, but you must think of father and me quite often, and write us a letter every day telling us how you are getting along; for you know you are all we have and we are sacrificing a great deal to let you go."

"I'm glad you said those last few words, mother, because, maybe, I wouldn't have thought of that."

Mr. Jongewaard accompanied Marguerite on her journey and returned a few days later with the good news that she liked the place very much, although it was not quite so pretty there as it was back in the valley; for there was no place on earth so dear to Marguerite as that, especially the little river.

Every day the mailman's carriage was seen driving up the road toward the Jongewaard cottage, and every day an anxious faced mother came out to meet him and receive whatever news he brought.

The winter passed, but very slowly for Mr. and Mrs. Jongewaard. The evenings seemed so long. Often they sat by the fire-side and tried to entertain each other by reading aloud. Sometimes there would be a pause when neither one would say a word. As they gazed into the fire and watched the bright flames leap up here and there, it was evident that their thoughts were straying to their daughter, the hope of both lives. They were aware from the letters that time was bringing a change over Marguerite. It was just as she had said on the day of her departure, she had crossed the river. She was beginning to realize something of this great world, and probably at this very moment was taking a sip of love from Nature's jeweled cup.

Spring came and with it the warm sunshine, the birds and flowers. The valley seemed to awaken from a long sleep.

One day the mailman drove up and, with a broad smile on his face as he handed Mrs. Jongewaard a letter, said: "I just feel sure that there is some real good news in that for you. I don't know why I think so, but I do."

Mrs. Jongewaard opened the letter and read as follows:

"Tomorrow night, dear mother,

Ere the birds in the valley go to rest,

There'll be another little bird

Huddled safe in its own dear nest."

MARGUERITE.

The next evening just before sundown, the train hurried into the little station and Marguerite alighted, her face wreathed in smiles. She was greeted by her father and mother and a crowd of jolly high school boys and girls.

That night as the little family was seated around the cozy fire-place, Marguerite related many of the good times she had had. "And, oh, mother," she exclaimed, "really I didn't know there were so many good people in this world. Every one was so good to me; but it does seem good to be back in the valley once more. Tomorrow morning I'm going out to sit on the bank of the river and make a picture of the little valley. I'm sure that I can make one now that will suit me."

She opened her trunk and got out the pictures which she had completed. Then, sitting down on the foot-stool at the foot of the big Morris chair in which her mother sat, she began to display them on her mother's lap while her father watched attentively over the back of the chair. "Oh, I met the dearest lady," broke in Marguerite, "who has studied voice in Europe four years. I made a copy of these pictures for her, and as pay for them she gave me vocal lessons. I didn't tell you anything about it for I wanted to surprise you. She told me that she would make us a visit some time. Wouldn't that be lovely?"

After she had shown all her paintings, Mrs. Jongewaard looked up into her husband's face and smiled, and although neither of them spoke, their hearts were filled with a joy that words cannot express. Her work to them was wonderful.

"Now, little one," interrupted her father, "let's hear you sing."

"Oh, father, don't call me that! I'm almost a young lady now."

"Forgive me, child," he said, "I forgot." His eyes filled with tears but he was careful not to let Marguerite see them.

She quietly opened the piano, which had not been touched during her absence, and struck a few chords. Then she lifted her voice and in clear, sweet tones sang:

"The valley is going to sleep,
The birds in their nest are still;
And the maple branches bend and break
Over the leafless hill.

* * * * *

"The valley is going to wake,
The birds in their nests will sing;
And the maple branches bud and break
Into the leaves of spring."

"Now, there is just one thing more I would like to tell you before I retire," she said, as she turned around on the piano stool.

"Don't stop," said her father. "You don't know how good it sounds to hear your sweet voice once more."

"I'll sing some more tomorrow," put in Marguerite, "and then, when Bob comes."

"Whom did you say?" asked her mother. "Who is Bob?"

Marguerite, blushing, glanced toward the floor and did not see the knowing look which Mrs. Jongewaard gave her husband.

"Well, it was this way, mother," replied Marguerite, her face all aglow. "Bob Brenton, or Mr. Brenton as I should call him, was one of the instructors at school. He took a great deal of interest in me while I was there, and was so good to me. One night when we were talking, I told him about the little valley, the river, and just beyond it our cottage. He told me that some time this summer, if you were willing, he would like to come down

and make us a visit. Now, you don't care, do you? I told him you wouldn't. He just wants to get some pictures of the pretty scenery around here."

Again the eyes of the parents met. "Of course we will enjoy having him come," said the mother, "but why didn't you tell us about him before?"

"Well, I suppose I should have," she said rather reluctantly, "but I was afraid you would make me come home. Bob sings beautifully," she added, "and when he comes we will sing for you."

The spring slipped by. Each afternoon found Marguerite in some pretty nook sketching from nature. Each day, also, the mailman made his way up to the little cottage. The letters which he delivered were not from Marguerite, but for her.

One evening about the middle of June, Marguerite took her accustomed stroll down to the bridge to watch the sun set. This was one of her daily pleasures. This evening she sat on a large stone by the bridge with her head resting in her hands, idly dreaming and humming to herself. The sun went down and darkness fell upon the little valley. She arose very quietly, intending to return home; but as she glanced down the road she saw the dim outline of a man coming toward her. For some unknown reason she went to meet him, and a few steps brought them together. The man extended his hand and said in a musical voice, "Marguerite!" She immediately recognized him and sprang into his arms with the joyful little cry, "I'm so glad to see you! Why didn't you tell me you were coming today?"

"Because I wanted to surprise you," he said.

The two happy people started toward the cottage. Bob recognized the bridge of which Marguerite had so often spoken. When they had reached the other side, he said: "Marguerite, we have crossed the river so you can not live very far from here, for you always told me 'Across the river.'"

"So I did," she answered with a laugh.

That evening after Bob and Marguerite had sung a few songs for Mr. and Mrs. Jongewaard, Bob told them of a year which he had spent abroad. At the age of eighteen he had been taken abroad by a wealthy uncle to study art. After they had been there for a short time, his uncle began to gamble and deserted Bob, leaving him almost penniless. However, Bob determined not to return home until he had seen at least some of the great paintings. So he traveled from place to place, earning a little here and a little there. He stopped in a small hamlet and painted a few pictures which he sold for a large sum. He became a great friend of the artist to whom he sold the pictures and studied with him six months. After Bob had acquired fame and wealth abroad, he returned to his own country to accept a position as art instructor in the little college in Kentucky in which Marguerite was a student.

Bob and Marguerite spent the afternoons and part of the forenoons in sketching and painting pretty scenes and landscapes. Most of the evenings were spent at the piano.

On the evening before the day of Bob's departure, he and Marguerite strolled down to the bridge. It was a beautiful moonlight night. They stood looking down into the water at their own reflections. The stars twinkled gayly here and there about them.

"Bob," said Marguerite, "don't you think this is a beautiful valley? Do you wonder why I longed for it when I was away?"

"No," he replied. "I want to live in this valley myself. Marguerite, I have a request to make of you tonight. Will you grant it?"

"Oh, I don't know. What is it?" she asked much unconcerned.

"If you were sure that your father and mother were willing, would you?"

She smiled and looked up into his eyes as she said, "Why, yes. I am always willing when I know they don't care."

"I want to know if you will join me in a journey down the stream of life?"

Marguerite understood his meaning and answered in her sweet way, "Yes, Bob, if mother and father are willing."

He took her by the hand and led her down the bank to the edge of the stream where a pretty little canoe was waiting for them.

"This," said he, "shall be yours and mine;

In it we will glide together,

No matter how high the tide comes up,

May it stand the test forever."

—BIRDENA HAYWARD.



TO THE FRESHMEN

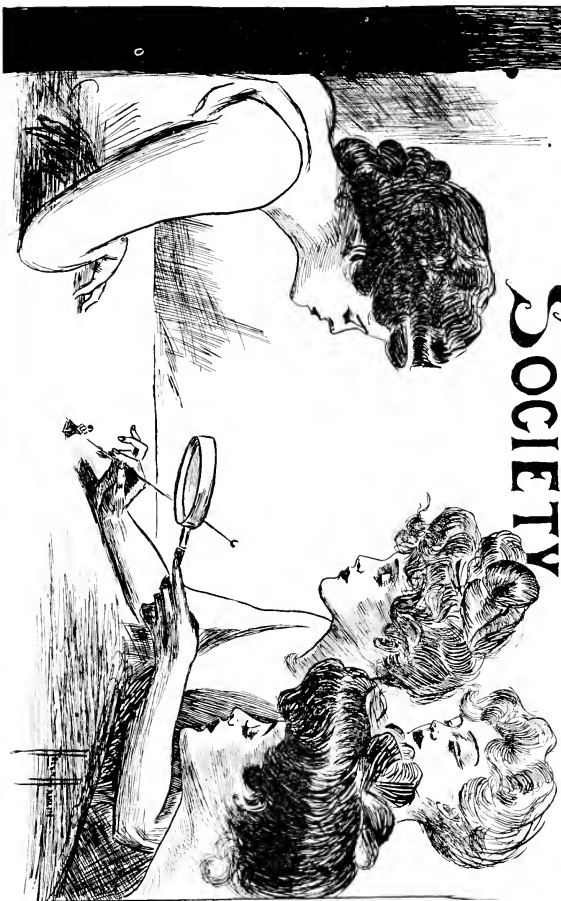
Oh, say, you Juniors, Seniors!
And you, great big Sophomores!
Do you think that you can beat us,
The Freshmen ranks of forty-four?

Just because we're climbing slower
Than the other classes do,
That's no sign we can not beat them
For we'll just show them through

So drink to the honor of the Freshman Class,
The class of the Orange and Black,
And get out of the way and let me pass,
For I am from the Freshman Class!

—TRESSIE CULVER, '14

SOCIETY



Society

The word society is so elastic as to be susceptible of different constructions. It is equally applicable to good as well as bad organizations. Religious organizations, fraternities, organizations for amusements, and sporting enterprises have made use of the word. Generally, at least in the public prints, it is made use of as a caption for items of gossip, of visitors, marriages, announcements of coming social events, and so on almost indefinitely.

In the Angola High School, society means everything of a social nature which contributes to the good of the students who participate, whether the event is a select parlor party or a public function. During this year, the A. H. S. has given a prominent place to society; each class has enjoyed many happy gatherings.

Members of all the classes celebrated Hallowe'en, St. Patrick's Day, Valentine Day, and the birthday anniversaries of their friends in many quaint and interesting ways. The Senior girls gave a delightful reception to the Pioneer and A. H. S. basket ball boys; and a royal time was given to Mr. Shick at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ettinger by the A. H. S. basket ball boys. The social affairs of Commencement week were the Faculty reception to the Seniors, Junior reception to the Seniors, and Senior Class Day and picnic.

Alumni.



Alumni

1877-1910

1877

*Keep, H. H. Teacher Fremont, Ind

1878

*Andrus, Frank Captain, U. S. Army.

1879

*Dickson, Mate Carleton Jackson, Mich

1880

Avery, Seth Wire Fence Agent Angola

Mitchell, Della Chadwick Anderson, Ind

Snyder, W. W. Dead

1881

*Chadwick, Will C. Lawyer Hillsdale, Mich

*Marnden, Ruth Coe Kansas City, Kan

*Perigo, Ella LaDue Chicago, Illinois

1882

*Bigler, B. B. Minister Racine, Wis

*Braman, Jennie Fams Angola, Ind

*Carpenter, Luna Dawson Elwood, Ind

*Chadwick, C. Allie Dentist Angola, Ind

*Gilbert, Della Gale Dead

*Kinney, Ethel Williams Dead

*Kinney, Freeman W. Bookkeeper Fredericktown, Mo

*Leas, Nora Dressmaker Angola, Ind

*Mitchell, Ella Freeman Angola, Ind

*Patterson, Leona Weaver Angola, Ind

Snyder, Mary Dead

1883

*Boozer, Ella Leas Dressmaker Lafayette, Ind

*Brewer, Ida Weaver Angola, Ind

*Cole, Nettie Dead

*Dodge, Lizzie Cline Angola, Ind

Eberly, Victor Mechanic Lead, S. Dak

*Eberly, Willis Mail Agent Waterloo, Ind

*Lehman, Ethie Burlingame Teacher Edwards, Miss

Owen, Belle Dead

*Scholtz, Louis Traveling Salesman, Ft. Wayne, Ind

*Sheldon, Lizzie McConnell Angola, Ind

*Wells, Hattie Morrow Angola, Ind

Willet, Rose Weicht Montpelier, Ohio

1885

Boon, Minnie Dead

Chilson, Frank Dead

*Crain, Z. A. Banker Redfield, S. Dak

Mann, Edessa Johnson St. Louis, Mo

*Miller, Eva Leas Dead

1886

Beil, Frank Dead

Bollinger, Dora Plaster South Whitley, Ind

Boon, Aquilla Railroad Engineer Chicago, Illinois

Etfinger, Zoe Dead

*Lewis, Emily Kinney Cincinnati, Ohio

*Lewis, Frank K. Minister Cincinnati, Ohio

*Mcody, Alice Sowle Newark, Ohio

Weiss, John Dead

*Welch, Ada Phelps Toledo, Ohio

*Guertner, Welch Emma Pharmacist Toledo, Ohio

1887

Brown, Grace	Teacher	Lansing, Mich
*Crain, L. D.	Merchant	Ft. Collins, Colo
*Emerson, Ina Craig		Angola, Ind
Finch, Carrie	Waitress	Columbus, Ohio
*Humphreys, Frank	Physician	Angola, Ind
*Robinson, Alta Everhart		Chicago, Illinois
*Wickwire, Josie Barnes		Angola, Ind
*Wyandt, Mattie Purinton		Bryan, Ohio

1888

*Bates, Georgia Kinney		Hiram, Ohio
*Brockway, Inez Button		Allen Mich
Crandell, Emma	Sage College	Ithaca, N. Y.
*Freeman, Gula Weaver		Angola, Ind
*Lane, Milla Gates		Angola, Ind
*McCauley, Carrie Cole		Buckhannon, W. Va
Williams, Nellie		Geneva, Neb
*Wood, Emma Ireland		Dead

1889

*Gates, Frel C.	Railroad Contractor	Cleveland, Ohio
*Gilbert, Guy	Real Estate Dealer	Ft. Wayne, Ind
*Miser, Mary Longabaugh		Waterloo, Ind
*Morse, Wellington	Lumber Dealer	Los Angeles, Cal

1890

*Bobbit, Salena Carpenter		Denver, Col
*Carpenter, Robert H.	Editor	Elwood, Ind
*Green, Elsie Pickett		Bluffton, Ohio
Metzgar, Mary	Stenographer	Angola, Ind
*Pattee, Chester	Electrician	Mt. Pleasant, Mich
*Sheets, Jennie Slade		Fremont, Ind
*Sowle, Chas.		
*Sowle, Irving	Clerk	Angola, Ind
*Williamsen, Susie Sowle		Angola, Ind
*Woodhull, Ray	Electrician	Ft. Wayne, Ind

1891

*Dixon, R. L.	Teacher U. of M.	Ann Arbor, Mich
*Pattee, Frank	Telephone Lineman	Durant, Mich
*Robinson, Maude Watson		Angola, Ind
*Williams, Lell Richardson		Angola, Ind

1892

Benedict, Lillie		Dead
Bodley, Leona	Stenographer	Toledo, Ohio
*Craig, Ona Craig		Detroit, Mich
*Laney, Etta Zipfel		Bowling Green, Ohio

1893

*Averill, Floyd	Electrician	Portland, Ore
Brooks, Anna		Angola, Ind
*Hammond, Edna Brandeberry		Salem Center, Ind
*Hutchinson, Jennie Pugh		Lebanon, Ind
*Milhoff, Imo Gale		Mountain View, Cal
Wolf, Lena	Teacher	Fairbury, Illinois
*Wyrick, Basil	Editor	Chicago, Illinois

1894

*Allen, J. W.	Bookkeeper	Muncie, Ind
*Allison, Mamie Goodale		Angola, Ind
*Brokaw, Nora Shank		Angola, Ind
*Cook, Edith Lemmon		Fremont, Ind
*Jarrard, Bertha Sewell		Angola, Ind
*Rocse, Nellie Day		Topeka, Kan
*Shearer, Mary Pugh		Angola, Ind
Walls, Lunetta	Teacher of Blind	Toledo, Ohio

1895

*Brown, Harry	Clerk	Angola, Ind
*Carpenter, Royal J.	Banker	Angola, Ind
*Evans, Tillie Stayner		Pleasant Lake, Ind
*Field, Arthur		Angola, Ind
*Jarrard, Will	Clerk	Angola, Ind
*Jeffrey, Kate Ireland		Shipshewana, Ind
*Jetzgar, Irvin	Milk Dealer	Angola, Ind
Pugh, Tillie	Florist	Kendallville, Ind
*Redding, Mamie Gale		Angola, Ind
*Roby, Dorothy Fisher		Hillsdale, Mich
*Shank, Emmet E.	Lumber Dealer	Angola, Ind
*Singler, Edna Hirst		Dunkirk, Ind

1896

Benedict, Della	Seamstress	Los Angeles, Cal
*Brandebury, H. K.	Farmer	Metz, Ind
*Clark, Sadie Robinson		Toledo, Ohio
Enzor, Freeman K.	Traveling Salesman	Auburn, Ind
*Goodale, Eva Morse		Orland, Ind
Kemery, Blanche	Clerk	Ft. Wayne, Ind
*Swartz, Anna Bogis		San Francisco, Cal
*Love, Lulu Slade		Angola, Ind
*McGrew, Lela Morse		Angola, Ind
*Richards, Lillian Orewiler		South Bend, Ind
Townsend, Deborah		Dead
*Westenhaver, Mabel Post		Vancouver, B. C.

1897

*Nichous, Myrtle Shank		Angola, Ind
*Phillely, June Smiley		Huntington, Ind
*Willennar, Vera Field		Auburn, Ind
*Williams, Lina Jacob		Angola, Ind

1898

*Estrich, Florence Moore		Ann Arbor, Mich
Isenhour, Chas.		U. S. Army
*Luce, Clela Powers		Des Moines, Iowa
*Ryan, Audra Orton		Huntington, Ind
Somers, John		Dead

1899

Blass, Ralph	Traveling Salesman	Clarksburg, W. Va
*Dirrim, Blanche Garwood		Angola, Ind
*Green, Nora Butler		Tacoma, Wash
*Markham, Mabel Rose		Mesa, Arizona
Miller, Mand		Eugene, Ore
*McNaughton, Earl	Merchant	Ray, Ind
*McNaughton, Pearl Ford		Ray, Ind
Miller, Will J.	Teacher	Monument, Ore
*Nyce, James R.	Lawyer	Angola, Ind
*Shank, Erman	Druggist	Hamilton, Ind
*Waller, Will F.	Physician	Angola, Ind

1900

*Gillis, Robert	Dentist	Hammond, Ind
*McIntyre, Etta Cary		Indianapolis, Ind
Sheffer, Samuel	Printer	South Bend, Ind
*Smith, L. C.	Florist	Marion, Ind
*Stevens, Edith Hall		Angola, Ind
*Waller, Tina Elya		Angola, Ind
Zipfel, Glen		Dead

1901

*Gale, Louis		Tacoma, Wash
*Gordon, Wava Poland		Angola, Ind
*Jones, Vera Gilbert		Kent, Ohio
*McGrew, Jennie Stahl	Telephone Operator	Angola, Ind
Neal, Paul	Attorney	Freshwater, Ore
*Purinton, Laura Kennel		Whiting, Ind
*Regan, Iva Morse		Tulsa, Okla
*Ritter, Clyde	Druggist	Pleasant, Lake, Ind
*Torrance, Clela Kirk		Carnegie, Pa

1902

Beard, Mabel	Stenographer	Auburn, Ind
Cary, Nellie	Teacher	Butler, Ind
Castell, Veva	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Crain, Grace	Teacher	Angola, Ind
*Tinley, Alice Souseley		Orland, Ind
French, Grace	Teacher	Angola, Ind
*Gates, Louis	Bookkeeper	San Francisco, Cal
Gillis, Helen	Trained Nurse	Chicago, Illinois
*Lemmon, Earl	Farmer	Angola, Ind
Orton, Winnie	Trained Nurse	Chicago, Illinois
*Paddock, Amy Hartman		Leadville, Col
*Uhl, Willis	Northwestern University	Evanston, Illinois
Wickwire, Esther	Stenographer	Angola, Ind
Wickwire, Ethel	Stenographer	Angola, Ind

1903

*Beard, Fern Brown		Angola, Ind
*Albough, Eva Beil		Perru, Ind
*Berlin, Cynthia Kellogg		Elkhart, Ind
Cline, Carrie		Angola, Ind
*Fisher, Mack	Barber	Angola, Ind
*Fisher, Maude Braun		Angola, Ind
Flint, Nellie		Henryville, Tenn
Freygang, Paul	Electrician	Chicago Heights, Illinois
Goodale, Ralph	Teacher	Eureka, Illinois
*Hagerty, Guy	Clerk	North Manchester, Ind
Hathaway, Pearl	Compositor	Angola, Ind
Hathaway, Winnie	P. O. Clerk	Angola, Ind
*Jackson, Howard	Druggist	Angola, Ind
*Kretzer, Harry	Draftsman	Spokane, Wash
Nichols, Nona	Teacher	Danville, Illinois
*Preston, Lulu Bratton		Angola, Ind
*Ritter, Edna Johnson		Angola, Ind
*Sheffer, Maud Cowan		Angola, Ind
*Beckholt, Vera Snyder		Angola, Ind

1904

Burt, Walter	Draftsman	Muncie, Ind
*Hall, Nellie Castle		Angola, Ind
*Sanders, Dessa Crain		Angola, Ind
*Waller, Josephine Finch		Muncie, Ind
*Hall, Gay French		Pleasant Lake, Ind
*Pilliod, Dorothy Gillis		Toledo, Ohio
*Hall, James		Angola, Ind
*Johnsen, Bernice Boyers		Angola, Ind
*Kratz, Melvin	Clerk	Angola, Ind
*Lacey, Vera Hauver		Holland, Mich
Luton, Mabel	Teacher	Angola, Ind
*May, Edith Gale		Ash Crete, S. Dak
*Murphy, Florence Smith		Memphis, Tenn
Pugh, Herbert	Traveling Salesman	Muncie, Ind
*Shields, Vesta Flint		Henryville, Tenn
*Sheffer, Wallo	Freight Clerk	Angola, Ind
Snyder, Kenneth	Traveling Salesman	Kansas City, Kans
*Scwie, Harry	Stenographer	Chicago, Illinois
*VanHorn, Jessie Morse		Kalamazoo, Mich

1895

Eachelor, Ola	Stenographer	Ft. Wayne, Ind
Beil, Ana	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Butler, J. W.	Farmer	Angola, Ind
Croxton, Frel	Purdue University	Lafayette, Ind
Dickerson, Den	Stenographer	Toledo, Ohio
Emerson, Cara	Teacher	Angola, Ind
*Fisher, G. A.	Machinist	Auburn, Ind
Kyper, Guy D.	Teacher	Enterlin, N. Dak
Nichols, Vern	Illustrator	Danville, Ind

*Purinton, Wallace	Clerk	Chicago, Illinois
*Rowe, Aclia Stallman		Galesburg, Illinois
*Thomas, Bessie Tuttle		Ft. Wayne, Ind
Weaver, Lulu		Montpelier, Ohio
*Willennar, Marshall D.	Teacher	Litchville, N. Dak
Woodhull, M. J.	Clerk	Chicago, Illinois

1906

Bolan, Ethel		Ft. Wayne, Ind
Davis, G. Clarence	Teacher	Angola, Ind
*Willennar, Mildred Hauver		Litchville, S. Dak
*Jackson, Vera Dickerson		Angola, Ind
*Kratz, Harold F.	Farmer	Angola, Ind
*Hall, Hazel F. Lee		Indianapolis, Ind
McKinley, Herschell	Teacher	Mongo, Ind
Parsell, Oradell	Teacher	Fremont, Ind
*Kratz, Evangeline Pilliod		Angola, Ind
Wicoff, Weir	Purdue University	Lafayette, Ind

1907

Cary, Leta	Compositor	Angola, Ind
Clay, Lloyd	University of Michigan	Ann Arbor, Mich
Hall, Gay		Angola, Ind
Hayward, Elsie	Teacher	Angola, Ind
*Ludwig, Zulab Ireland		Albion, Mich
Osborne, Margaret		Montpelier, Ohio
Pilliod, Mabel		New York City
Purinton, Hazel	Stenographer	Angola, Ind
Rinehart, Mark	Teacher	Pioneer, Ohio
Sowle, Paul D.	R. R Brakeman	Angola, Ind
*Harriman, Mabel Stayner		San Antonio, Texas
Willennar, Zellar	Teacher	Waterloo, Ind

1908

Braman, Pansy	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Brewer, Elmira	Teacher	Hepner, Ore
Carpenter, Lois	Teacher	Hudson, Ind
Cole, Don	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Crain, Fay	Telephone Operator	Angola, Ind
Dutter, Genevieve	Clerk	Angola, Ind
Freygang, Edwina	Clerk	Angola, Ind
*Purinton, Ollie Goodwin		Chicago, Illinois
Hector, Joseph		Chicago, Illinois
Honess, Charles	Oberlin College	Oberlin, Ohio
Johnson, Thomas		
Junod, Alta	Teacher	Pioneer, Ohio
*Kratzer, Edith Eggleston		Angola, Ind
Kyper, Karl		Angola, Ind
Oberlin, Lloyd	Teacher	Hamilton, Ind
Parrott, Edna	Teacher	Continental, Ohio
Ransburg, Dawson	Traveling Salesman	Sioux Falls, S. Dak
*Spangle, Pearl Braman		Angola, Ind
Strayer, Margaret	Teacher	Starbuck, Wash
Swift, Ola	Clerk	Angola, Ind
Waller, Vergil	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Walsh, Madge	Teacher	Pleasant, Lake, Ind
White, Lucy	Teacher	Herrick, S. Dak
Wisel, Sabrina	Teacher	Auburn, Ind

1909

Hayward, Imo	Teacher	Angola, Ind
*Preston, Frederika Wambaugh		Ft. Wayne, Ind
Patterson, Robert	Indiana University	Bloomington, Ind
Shank, Mildred	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Butz, Flossie	Cashier	Angola, Ind
*Kratz, Elsie Zabst		Angola, Ind
Honess, Arthur	Teacher	Angola, Ind

Mugg, Mabel	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Manahan, Ruth	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Pocock, Thomas	Traveling Salesman	Indianapolis, Ind
Boyers, Byron	Teacher	Metz, Ind
* Shockley, Linda Peachey		Pleasant Lake, Ind
Parsell, Florence	Teacher	Hamilton, Ind
Lane, Altina	Kindergarten School	Toledo, Ohio
Williamson, Maurice	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Hendry, Louis	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Dole, Mildred	Milliner	Walkerton, Ind
* Gibbs, Hazel Freligh		Angola, Ind
McKillen, Wayne	Clerk	Angola, Ind
Junod, Grace	Teacher	Pioneer, Ohio
Treese, Fern	Teacher	Elon, Ohio
Elya, Fred		Angola, Ind
Stayner, Blanche		Flint, Ind
Mallory, Daisy	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Peachey, Achse	Milliner	Jackson Center, Ohio
Carpenter, Wilma	Teacher	Ashley, Ind
Shank, Charles	Teacher	Angola, Ind
* Walters, Gladys Snyder		Angola, Ind
Rakestraw, Elezan		Angola, Ind
Wyrick, Arlo	Teacher	Jamestown, Ind
White, Ila	Milliner	Angola, Ind
Hamlin, Don	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Swift, Velma	Teacher	Hamilton, Ind
Lash, Edna	Teacher	Angola, Ind

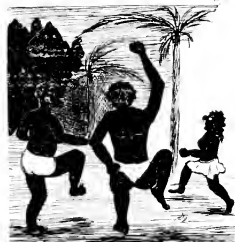
1910

Boozar, Ralph	Purdue University	Lafayette, Ind
Chard, Ethel	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Creel, Coleman		Angola, Ind
Culver, John	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Deal, Velma	Teacher	South Milford, Ind
Dilworth, Lisle		Angola, Ind
Ellithorp, Dale	Jeweler	Paxton, Illinois
Elston, Lynn	Teacher	Neva Mills, Ind
Ewan, Vera	Teacher	Angola, Ind
Fast, Frank	Teacher	Angola, Ind
French, Rheba	Teacher	Metz, Ind
Goodwin, Warren	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Ritter, Alda	Seamstress	Angola, Ind
Sickles, Burton	T. S. C.	Angola, Ind
Smith, Lucile		Angola, Ind
Tasker, May	Reporter	Angola, Ind
VanCleave, Ruth		Atlanta, Ind
Walcott, Glen	Purdue University	Lafayette, Ind





Calendar



Sept. 12—School opens. Grand rush of Freshmen.

Sept. 13—Seniors organize.

Sept. 14—Juniors follow suit.

Sept. 15—Miss Evans tells the Seniors that it is barbarous to dance. Several take the hint.

Sept. 16—End of the first week of school.

Sept. 18—New schedule.

Sept. 20—Freshmen don't look quite so green. They are getting better acquainted.

Sept. 21—Edwin Carver tries his best to decline a Latin verb.

Sept. 22—Mr. Weldy tells the H. S. girls not to flirt with Mr. Shick.

Sept. 23—Freshmen organize.

Sept. 26—Ditto.

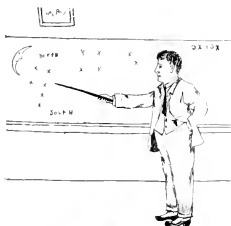
Sept. 27—First meeting of the Athletic Association.

Sept. 28—The Seniors suffer their first quiz. Punk!

Sept. 29—We are handed a (Mr.) Lemon on Astronomy.

Sept. 30—The Athletic Association adopts a constitution.

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Oct. 3—Nothing doing.

Oct. 4—Ditto.

Oct. 5—Miss Evans, (in Eng I) now let's have this stopping talked.

Oct. 6—School dismisses for Beveridge.

Oct. 7—Several students are absent. Cause, corn show at LaGrange.

Oct. 10—Prof. Platt talks to us about the stars.

Oct. 11—Prof. Platt, (in Lat. IV) "I know you remember, only you have forgotten."

Oct. 12—Seniors decide to have a Spectator.

Oct. 13—Enter, a pony.

Oct. 14—All democrats go to hear Bryan.

Oct. 17—First fire drill of the season. Mr. Shick tries to knock out a window with his head.

Oct. 18—Talk by Mr. Letts on "Students' Problems."

Oct. 19—The Freshmen write poetry for amusement. Theme, "A. H. S. Faculty."

Oct. 20—Seniors order their class pins.

Oct. 21—Tests galore!

Oct. 24—Miss Evans talks to us.

Oct. 25—The Principal appoints the Spectator Staff.

Oct. 26—Miss Evans loses her dignity in Eng. IV, and astounds the Seniors by indulging in a season of mirth.

Oct. 27—Rev. Marble addresses us.

Oct. 28—"Twinkle, twinkle little bat,
How I wonder what you're at;
Up above the world you fly
Like a diamond in the sky."

—W. F. W., (in Eng. IV.)

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en.



Nov. 1—The morning after. Mr. Weldy gives us ten minutes off for a nap. Prof. Platt, (to Latin II class) "Caesar was not looking for Hallowe'en when he wrote his Commentaries."

Nov. 2—Joyce Creel entertains the Seniors by looking cross-eyed.

Nov. 3—Marjorie B. has a new kind of carmine.

Nov. 4—Mr. Letts tells how he used to split wood before breakfast.

Nov. 7—The furnace has a chill. We have one also.

Nov. 8—Election day. Democrats or Republicans.

Nov. 9—Democrats.

Nov. 10—"Oh, dear!

Bread and beer!

If I were married,

I wouldn't be here."

—Miss Evans.

Nov. 11—The Seniors give a reception to the Pioneer and A. H. S. basket ball teams.

Nov. 11—Imo smiles upon a Freshman.

Nov. 15—Miss Evans, (in Eng. IV) "Do not talk to me about dates. Men are far more important to me.

Nov. 16—Elder Vernon Stauffer talks to us about George Elliott's "Romola."

Nov. 17—Mr. Weldy entertains the chemistry class with a Fourth of July celebration, which was not of the safe and sane kind. Fortunately no one was injured.

Nov. 18—Mr. Letts gets night and darkness mixed.

Nov. 21—A Parliamentary Law class is organized.

Nov. 22—The Mathematics teacher visits the seventh grade. What is the attraction? Perhaps it is only a Reed shaken by the wind.

Nov. 23—Thanksgiving program.

Nov. 24-25—Turkey and vacation!

Nov. 28—Mr. Shick loses his grade book. The fire whistle frightens us all.

Nov. 29—Mr. Letts, (to a History class) "What would happen if something that couldn't be stopped would run up against something that couldn't be moved?"

Nov. 30—Lost, a temper. Finder please return to Mr. Weldy.



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Dec. 1—Miss Evans: "Wait until I count up. It has been a long time since I graduated."

Dec. 2—Clifton Freligh gives us a few of his numerous stunts.

Dec. 5—Mr. Letts, (pointing to Wade and Ellen) "That is a case of mutual attraction."

Dec. 6—French Parsell is in school today. He can't find any more excuses for staying out.

Dec. 7—A sudden collision. Marlin E. and Miss Evans.

Dec. 8—Prof. Platt, (in Latin IV) "What is the top of a building called?"

"Xola H.—"I know but I can't think."

Dec. 9—The basket ball teams go to Pioneer with Miss Evans as chaperon and Mr. Shick as referee.

Dec. 12—The referee is rather weary today—too much basket ball.

Dec. 13—Mr. Letts, (to the Freshmen) "Lend me your ears."

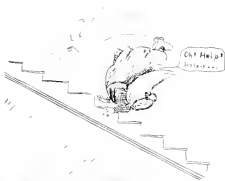
Dec. 14—Marlin is too talkative.

Dec. 15—Burton Richardson and Bernice Ramsay; Samuel Pence and Ruth Goodrich.

Dec. 16—School closes for two weeks. Xmas vacation.



Remember



J a n u a r y

Jan. 2—School begins but not the reciting.

Jan. 3—Dora Lazenby and Herman Kohl become interested in each other.

Jan. 4—Ditto, Neva Dewey and Frank Deller.

Jan. 5—Willa Morse reverently casts herself at the feet of Mr. Shick.

Jan. 6—Nora Carpenter disproves the laws of gravitation by falling up stairs.

Jan. 9—Miss Evans, (to Marlin) "Oh, my dear!"

Jan. 10—Imo S. and Edna S. have two minds with but a single thought.

Jan. 11—John Culver, a member of the class of '10, reads for us.

Jan. 12—Miss Evans objects to parties in Lat. II.

Jan. 13—Zema Carpenter: "Gee, but I'm cold!"

Miss Evans: "My name isn't Gee."

Jan. 16—Enola Kreuder was at school to-day.

Jan. 17—Arla and Lloyd, having their little chat at the book-case, are unceremoniously interrupted.

Jan. 18—"Some of the slang we now use is simply awful."

Jan. 19—Exams. due Jan. 27th. Commotion!

Jan. 20—No music. Miss Fertich has a cold.

Jan. 23—All's well.

Jan. 24—Lois Castell is sick.

Jan. 25—Quaking.

Jan. 26-27—Examinations!

Jan. 30—Earl R. and Ruth W. occupy the same desk most of the time.

Jan. 31—French Parsell ventures out in long pants for the first time.



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Feb. 1—Frank D., (after Earl R. and Glenn Z. had spoken) "The rest of the girls don't agree with that."

Feb. 2—Miss E., (to Mildred H.) "Any one who talks without thinking, resembles a parrot."

Feb. 3-4—Teachers' Association.

Feb. 7—Miss E., (after Alda had been reciting for some time) "Alda, what are you talking about?"

Alda: "Well, I really don't know."

Feb. 8—Mr. Shick is in bed when the first bell rings.

Feb. 9—His disposition continues to improve.

Feb. 10—The Seniors have a class meeting to look at diplomas for fear that they will not see any in June.

Feb. 13—Miss Castell, the new Latin teacher, appears today.

Feb. 14—Valentine day without the valentines.

Feb. 15—Mr. Weldy, (in Chem. IV) "Alda, will you explain this problem?"

Alda: "Do you want me to tell how?"

Feb. 16—We are entertained by Bronte, an educated dog.

Feb. 17—Prof. Platt, (in Lat. IV) "The Grecian and Roman men used to embrace each other just like women."

Neva D.: "Do you think they felt better when they did such things?"

Prof. Platt: "I don't know; I never tried it."

Feb. 20—Mr. Letts, standing in front of the window trying to reach the curtain string, shifts to the other foot. "Perhaps I am taller on this side."

Feb. 21—Paul Fast is in school today.

Feb. 22—Birthington's Washday.

Feb. 23—We have a visitor, a dog, in the Assembly room. Mr. Weldy carries him down stairs on his back.

Feb. 24—Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

Feb. 27—Spectator Staff shot.

Feb. 28—Sophs. get their pictures taken.



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Mar. 1—March winds! The Freshmen imitate the Sophomores by going to see the photographer.

Mar. 2—The Freshmen have not recovered from yesterday's shock.

Mar. 3—Public School program given at the Opera House.

Mar. 6—Faye Burt and Martin Richardson.

Mar. 7—Ditto.

Mar. 8—Speech by Prof. Long.

Mar. 9—More signs of spring—Birdena and Corneal.

Mar. 10—Mr. Letts has a birthday. A speech by the guilty man.

Mar. 13—We are informed that the Assembly room is a work shop, which is not for play.

Mar. 14—French gets a hair-cut free.

Mar. 15—The pupils who drive from the country report muddy roads.

Mar. 16—Prof. Platt, (in Lat. I) "What is the meaning of that verb?"

Zema C.: "I have my tongue all tangled up."

Mar. 17—Freshman holiday.

Mar. 20—Freshmen nearly exhausted from an attack of Roman history.

Mar. 22—Paul Swift: "Mr. McCormick, who died recently, worked until his death, and look at him now."

Mr. Letts: "I don't know where to look."

Mar. 23—Seniors sign a constitution not to write notes or whisper.

Mar. 27—Warner Woodring learns a new barn dance.

Mar. 30—Mr. Shick takes the funny paper away from Corneal. Who wanted it?

Mar. 31—Ned, no case.



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Apr. 1-9—Spring vacation.

Apr. 10—The B. B. boys close the basket ball season.

Apr. 12—Mr. Weldy tells the Freshmen that they are little angels—while he is watching them.

Apr. 13—Miss Evans: "What is manna like?"

Herman Kohl: "Like this modern breakfast food."

Apr. 14—No chorus. Miss Fertich sick.

Apr. 17—Seniors flunk in Civics test.

Apr. 18—H. S. girls walk to Pleasant Lake.

Apr. 19—Florence G., (in Hist. I) "Caesar was the wife of—"

Apr. 20—Spring fever.

Apr. 21—The B. B. boys play a "nit" game at Pleasant Lake.

Apr. 25—Mr. Letts works over time because of Parliamentary Law.

Apr. 26—Exams!

Apr. 28—Wanted: Pianists.

Apr. 29—Teacher: "Do you know the stories mother used to tell?"

Pupil: "No'm, but I know all of pop's old gags."



May 1—Senior girls entertain each other by making faces.

May 2—"Go On" day.

May 3—A talk on flies.

May 4—Miss C.: "I never saw a meadow lark go out of sight."

May 8—Physics class visits the power house.

May 9—Chemistry class makes a raid on all the cisterns in the neighborhood.

May 10—The Drawing class goes sketching.

May 11—Another raid on cisterns.

May 12—Juniors!

May 15—Arla writes a note to Leighton.

May 16—Leighton writes a note to Arla.

May 17—B. J. Hall forgets how to walk up stairs.

May 18—Dreams of Fox Lake.

May 19—School out for May Festival.

May 22—Joyce Creel sneezes.

May 23—Wilma Coy smiles at Warner.

May 24—Sophomores have a bad attack of spring fever.

May 25—Frankie Deller kisses the floor.

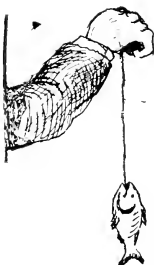
May 26—Every one at Senior practice for once.

May 29—Another attack of spring fever.

May 30—Alda W. has a blow up in Chem.

May 31—Seniors working day and night.





June 1—Only a few more days. Terrible suspense.

June 2—Class Day.

June 6—Faculty reception to Seniors.

June 7—Senior play.

June 9—Commencement.

June 10—Picnic at Lake James.

J
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JOKES

Jokes and Sayings, Old and New

"Smile awhile,
While you smile
Another smiles,
And soon there's miles
And miles of smiles:
And life's worth while
If you but smile."

— — — — —

There was a girl in the A. H. S.
As gentle as a dove;
One day she met a dapple dude,
And at sight fell in love.
But when he started in to talk,
He gave her such a pain,
She quickly took another look
Then fell right out again.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

The large number of advertisers in this book manifests to the students, patrons and friends of the Angola High School the hearty support which the business men of Angola and vicinity give to the educational enterprises of our little city.

Brethes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
No bank account for him shall swell,
No angels guard the golden stair
To welcome him a millionaire.
The man who does not care for trade,
By local line, or ad displayed,
Cares more for rest than worldly gain,
And patronage gives him pain.
Step lightly, friends! Let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound;
And let him rest in calm repose,
Unsought except by men he owes,
And when he dies, go plant him deep,
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
And that the world may know its loss,
Place on his grave a wreath of moss,
And on a ston, "Below here lies
A chump we wouldn't advertise."

—Ex.

Teacher: "Johnnie, can you describe the spinal column?"

Johnnie: "Yes, Ma'am. It is a long bone extending up and down through the body, and your head sits on one end and you sit on the other."

* * * * *

Arla: "Daddy, what would you think if Lloyd would suggest becoming your son-in-law?"

Daddy: "Withdraw, my dear, while I think aloud."

* * * * *

Nolab H.: "Copper is used in the manufacture of domestic and other scientific purposes."

* * * * *

The Seventh Grade was studying about the concentration of the mind on a single thought:

Miss Read: "Now I will give you an example. The other day I sat down to study my Sunday school lesson, and what do you suppose I was thinking about?"

Pupils: (in unison) "Shick."

* * * * *

The cattle bleated in the lane,
While the sheep bawled in the field;
The horses cackled in the barn,
And the pug dog onward wheeled.

Jackson's Drug Store

Sells all the little

Toilet Articles and Accessories

That gives you that dainty finish.



Try our
Marshmallow Cream

Best for the skin at all times



The Finest Line of
Drugs and Stationery
Always

THANKSGIVING

November has come with its festival day,
The sweetest home feast of the year,
When the little ones mingle in frolic and play
And share in Thanksgiving cheer.

Now let us remember that tale of the past,
Of the Pilgrims who gathered their band
And offered up thanks for the corn, when at last
It waved o'er the famishing land.

For hunger had wasted those strong, patient men,
Who struggled and labored in pain;
And the blessings of plenty which gladdened them then,
Gave courage and hope once again.

And the fame of their bravery never decays
While year after year rolls away,
Since the morning that ushered, in prayer and in praise,
The birth of Thanksgiving Day.

—CLELA OMSTEAD, '11.

56 57 58 59 60

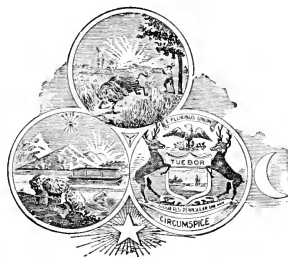
A Riddle to Ora

I asked my pa a simple thing,
Where holes in doughnuts go.
Pa read his paper, then he said,
"Oh, you're too young to know."

I asked my Ma about the wind,
Why can't you see it blow?
Ma thought a moment, then she said,
"Oh, you're too young to know."

Now why on earth do you suppose
They went and licked me so?—
Ma asked, "Where is that jam?"
I said, "Oh, you're too young to know."

Opportunity Knocks



Literary, Engineering, Pharmacy, Normal, Preparatory, Commercial, Music, Drawing.

Courses lead to the following Degrees:

*M. A., A. B., B. S., B. Pd., B. C. E., B. M. E., B. E. E., Ph. G.,
Ph. C., B. M., B. O., and B. C. S.*

Credits from Tri-State College accepted at Columbia and elsewhere. The Teachers' Training work is approved by the State Board of Education. All classes of Normal School work are authorized. Pharmacy graduates have never failed at a state examination—an unequalled record. Engineering students on completing a two years' course can do actual engineering work. Voice, Piano, Supervisory work in Music and Drawing, Book Keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and Review of Common Branches and High School subjects taught each term.

Summer Term opens June 6

Next School Year opens September 26, 1911.

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That Bad Cold

Blow, brother, blow!
The stream runs fast.
The handkerchief is near.
But one won't last.

Good Clothes

Means a well dressed person. A well dressed person always makes a good impression. A good impression goes a long ways in getting a good start. You can get the material for the good start at



Big Department Store. Every thing for everybody.

Teacher: "What do Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays teach us?"

Donald: "That there isn't room for any more of us to be born in February."

* * * * *

Mistress: (to new cook) "Mary, we have breakfast at eight o'clock."

Mary: "Well, Missus, if I'm not down don't wait."

* * * * *

Mr. Shick: (to Botany class) "Why are the rain-drops round?"

Myrtle B.: "Haven't they got skins on them?"

* * * * *

There is gladness in her gladness when she's glad;

There is sadness in her sadness when she's sad;

But the gladness of her gladness,

And the sadness of her sadness

Are nothing to her madness when she's mad.

* * * * *

To the new fire engine: "May she be like the dear old maids or our^a village—always ready but never called for."

* * * * *

Mr. Shick: (in Arith. IV) "Now every one take a piece of pencil and a paper."

* * * * *

Some Queer English

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes

But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.

Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese;

Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.

If the singular's this and the plural is these,

Should the plural of kiss be ever called keese?

Then one may be that, and three would be those:

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.

The masculine pronouns are he, his and him;

But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim!

So the English, I think, you all will agree,

Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

DR. L. L. DILL,
Homeopathic Physician

Specialist in
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

❁❁OFFICE HOURS❁❁

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

*Forenoons devoted to the Specialty. No office hours on Wednes-
days except in evening.*

The HIGBIE Company

General Merchants

***The Best Place to Trade
in Steuben County***

Angola, - - - Indiana

Home Phone No. 17

Bell Phone No. 16 A

Bess: "Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him."

Florence: "Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something."

October

Now nature's gowned in gorgeous hue,
Her bridegroom, Winter Old, to greet,
And the little flies light on your face,
All trustfully to warm their feet.

A Soph's Translation of Latin

"A certain father of a family, to whom there was a sufficiently large farm, moreover a son in whom he especially rejoiced, gave this one for a gift on his birthday a little axe. He exhorted him greatly to use the weapon with the greatest care, lest it might be for a detriment to himself. The youth promised him to be about to obey

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*A delightful, cool place to stop, where
you are always treated right. Try it
once and feel refreshed. We make a
specialty of all kinds of Toilet Articles
and Souvenir Post Cards. You'll
always find what you want here.*



**Callender
Hardware
Company**

Angola, Indiana



When it was necessary for that one on account of business to seek a certain walled town, situated not far, this one, the axe having been hastily seized, departed into the garden, about to cut down each most flourishing cherry tree.

That one, his home having been resought, inflamed with wrath, the servants having been called together, asked who might have been the author of so great a slaughter. All were denying when this one running up to that one, 'Truly,' said he, 'oh, my father, I am unable to tell a lie. I myself cut down the tree with the little axe which thou gavest to me for a present.'

* * * * *

An Answer in Senior History.

"The Bill of Rights was the first ten commandments added to the Constitution."

* * * * *

The Wail of a Freshman.

Forty-seven little Freshmen,
All so gay and all so free;
Fourteen of them flunked in Latin,
Then there were but thirty-three.

Thirty-three little Sophomores
Worked so they'd sure get through.
Eleven of them failed in German,
Then were left but twenty-two.

Twenty-two little Juniors
Toiled as though it all was fun.
Twenty-one then stopped in English,
And there was left a lonesome one.

There was left this lonely Senior,
Who was bright as the big round sun;
But he got stumped in Chemistry,
And, behold, there then was none!



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Service and Price in all
Grades of Footwear. Be
satisfied. Come to

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The Exclusive Shoe Man.

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Angola Maid



Absolute Perfection in Quality,
Burn and Workmanship

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Vegetables

Confectionery

Sole Agents for Chase & San-
born's Coffees and Teas.

Try the Club House Brand
of Canned Goods.

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Roofing, Spouting, Tanks,
Gas Pipe and Pipe Fitting.

Brass Goods,
Sinks and Pumps

Agent for

Holland Furnace
and

Butler Wind Mills

Shop first door north of Stiefels

"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked Wade W.

"Certainly," answered Dorothy, "it has to be. Any hat that isn't curious in shape would look queer."

Mr. Letts: (in History IV) "I have your test papers, and I intend to keep them for myself because I haven't a very large supply of fiction in my library."

David says Clifton is so lazy that the only job he would undertake would be lineman for a wireless telegraph company, or coal heaver on a gasoline engine.

Mr. Weldy: (to Chemistry class) "What is meant by 24kt gold?"

Enola H.: "Pure copper."

Myrtle B.: (to Mr. Shick in Botany class) "Which of the three theories of life do you believe in?"

Mr. Shick: "Well, I would hate to believe that my ancestors were monkeys."

Myrtle: "Why, they weren't, were they?"

Miss Evans: (at the B. B. game) "Have the boys put their coats on as they should?"

Mr. Weldy: "Well, really, I don't see any of them have them on wrong side out."

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*See what you want
and get what you buy.
No disappointments
there.*

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*E. M. Hetzler, Prop.,
Angola, - Indiana*

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*Meat Market than any other
place. Try it.*

Mast Bros.

*Hay, Straw, Clover
Seed, Wool, Grain,
Flour, Feed, Salt
and Seeds*

Sheldon & Co.

Mary had a hobble skirt
Tied with a great big bow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
She simply couldn't go.

* * * * *

Foot-prints in the sands of time don't amount to much unless we know where they are going, and have clear and definite ideas of what we are going to do when we get there.

* * * * *

Paul S: "I'm never going to get married until I find a girl who can change a round stick of wood into a square meal."

Neva: "Oh, I can do that."

* * * * *

On Men

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they were bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and also more zoological. Both men and women spring from monkeys, but the women spring farther than the men.

* * * * *

Leighton: (in Civics) "In the Labor Laws, the length of hours is limited."

* * * * *

Mr. Weldy: (in Chemistry) "I think it would be only fair if those in the back seats would change places with those in front and let them have a chance to read off their books a while."

* * * * *

Miss Evans: "Charles, for what other purpose was Harvard founded than that of making ministers?"

Charles K.: "For making preachers."

* * * * *

Mr. Letts: (in Geog. IV) "What are the Llanos?"

Mabel R.: "They are animals that live in the Andes, and are noted for their fine wool."

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3 Chair Barber Shop

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and a Climax Steel Range
will subdue the storms of the
matrimonial sea. At

M. C. Pollock's

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SURGEON

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Indiana

Skin Diseases a Specialty

A complete line of up to date

Shoes and Slippers

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Chas. Slade

BARBER

3rd Door West Hotel Hendry



Burkett's Barber Shop

Northeast corner Square

Always ready to wait on you and

do good work

TRY US

Listen here and it's all for you

Barnard's Foot Rest

For perspiring and aching feet

All Druggists or at

Clyde Ritter & Co.

Pleasant Lake, Ind.

Mr. Weedy: "What does calcium hydroxide look like?"

Lois M.: "Why, it looks like slaked lime."

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

There was a sign upon a fence,
The sign was, "Paint."
And everybody that went by,
Sinner and saint,
Put out a finger, touched the fence,
And on he sped;
And as he wiped his finger tips,
"It is," he said.

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Mr. Letts: (in Geog. IV) "What direction from the north pole is Alaska?"

Alda W.: "Southeast."

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Common Excuses in Recitation

"I didn't quite understand what that meant."

"I thought we only took to three."

"I forgot to take my book home."

"I didn't get that studied."

"I left my book at home."

"The page is torn out of my book."

"I wasn't here yesterday."

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Miss Castell: (in Eng. IV) "What is the chief thing in life?"

Alda W.: "Well, I don't know whether this is the chiefest thing or not."

Miss Castell: "Well, I want the chiefest."

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

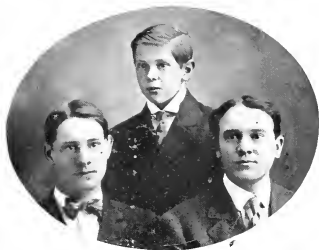
Miss Evans: (to Freshman) "Why did you look on her paper?"

Freshman: "To see if it was right."

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Burton R.: "Now give me your honest opinion of me."

Lois C.: "Aw, I don't want to pick a fight."



Dole Bros.

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and
East Side Grocery

Candy and Cigars

Reference: Angola Bank Trust Company

Phone No. 389

Angola, Indiana



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Lukone Tailoring Co

“Dollar Bill” says:

If you think that clothes don't make
any difference in a man, try walking
down the street without any
THEN

Put on one of Joe's Tailor Made and
note the difference

Our Specialty, Tailoring, Tailoring, and
more Tailoring

JOE BROKAW

“HOOSIER TAILOR”

"According to this magazine article, sliced onions scattered about the room will absorb the odor of fresh paint, and a broken neck will relieve a man of catarrh."

* * * * *

Pearl: "My hair is all falling out. Can you give me something to keep it in?"

New Clerk: (who wants to be obliging) "You might take this cigar box. Women often keep their hair in such boxes."

* * * * *

Mr. Letts: (in Hist. I) "Miss Crampton, the way you wander over the lesson reminds me of a shot-gun I used to have. It was forever going off without hitting anything."

* * * * *

Siang

Am she went,
Or are she gone?
Did her leave I all alone?
Us can never go to she,
Her can always come to we,
It cannot was!
Oh, cruel fate,
You is unkind
To take she first
And leave I behind.

* * * * *

Mr. L.: "Miss Castell, tell all you know about the House of Representatives."

Lois: "I can't tell it."

Mr. L.: "You can tell all you know, can't you?"

Lois: "I guess I've done that already."

* * * * *

Leighton: "I don't like girls. They are always going to the palmist to get their palms read."

Joyce: "Oh, indeed! Is that any worse than young men going into the saloons to get their noses read?"

PATTERSON'S
GOOD GOODS

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We don't make Kuppenheimer clothes our leaders because we are obliged to do so. There is no trade deal or inside funny business. We sell **Kuppenheimer** clothes and will continue to sell them—talk about them—and specialize them just as long as they make the best clothes on earth for the money.

We can give a stronger guarantee on Kuppenheimer goods than any other brand would dare give.

We guarantee every Kuppenheimer suit (or overcoat) bought here to be absolutely perfect in style—in fit—in high grade workmanship—and to prove satisfactory in every way, or you can roll the goods into a bundle and walk into our store at any time and get your money back.

We don't want any man's money unless he is satisfied that we delivered the goods he thought he was buying.

The Kuppenheimer line is bigger and more stylish than any line of clothes to be found in Angola. We want you to come in tomorrow and look at some real clothes—all new suits—all new models—

From the House of Kuppenheimer

\$15.00 to \$30.00

Mr. Letts: "Is the Grand Jury a good thing?"

Don C.: "Yes, it gives lots of men a job."

* * * * *

Freshman Wants

Sarah wants a billiken,
Ford he wants a trolley;
Jimmie wants a Teddy bear,
Cecil wants a dolly,
Edna wants a Latin book,
She thinks Platt is jolly,
Florence wants a candy cane
And a Sunday bonnet;
Edwin wants an algebra,
Miss Evans wants a "Sonnet."

* * * * *

Latin Teacher: (after assigning the conjugation of "amo") "Now you may love in both voices tomorrow."

* * * * *

To Mr. Letts

Mr. Letts he says, "I done it,"
And he says, "that he has went;"
And, really, his grammar
Isn't worth half a cent.

But when you come to notice
All the speaking and the rhyme,
You'll find the smoothest talker
Is the scoundrel, every time.

And though he may use the wrong word,
Or put in an extra letter,
We'll take him exactly as he is
For we could not find a better.

... KRATZ'S ...

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Has a Complete line of all
Grade and High School Text
Books.

The largest and most complete
assortment of school supplies
in the county.



H. E. KRATZ

ANGOLA

-

-

INDIANA

Ora's definition for civilization: "Civilization is where the men work in the mines with stone tools."

~~~~~

Miss Evans: "What is the opposite of a loose sentence?"

Samuel P.: "A tight one."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Letts: "What would United States History be without slavery?"

Burl H.: "It would be lots easier."

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Freshman Yell**

Rah! Rah! Rah

Ma! Ma! Ma!

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Help!

\*\*\*\*\*

In Eng. II: "Now give me the longest sentence you can think of."

Marlin E.: "A sentence for life."

~~~~~

"Did you notice that girl we just passed?"

"That one with the blonde puffs and the fur hat and a military cape—the one who was terribly made up and had awfully soiled gloves on?"

"Yes, that one."

"No, I didn't notice her. Why?"

Clyde: "Can you keep a secret?"

Nora: "Yes, but unfortunately I always tell it to some one who can't."

Wymond W.: (History II) "How do you pronounce this word, P-l-e-b e-s-c-i-t-ers?"

Mr. Letts: "Ple-biscuits."

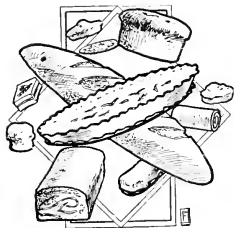
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Keeps at all times strictly
PURE AND FRESH MEATS
FISH AND POULTRY

*Our aim is to always give you
what you want or something
better.*

Wm. Braun

Northeast cor. Public Square



**Our Baked Goods recom-
mend themselves**

Opera House Bakery

Angola, Indiana

Value

is what you want, and

Value

is what you get when
you trade with

A. Frysinger

Angola, Ind.

Don't Write

TALK

Home Telephone

The Chairman: (in Parliamentary Law class) "Mr. Ettinger, have you anything to say on this subject?"

Marlin: (slowly rising) "Mr. Chairman."

Chairman: "Mr. Ettinger."

Marlin: "I guess I haven't anything to say."

* * * * *

Sayings from the Teachers

"Some men never have a new thought until someone comes along and hits them on the head, and then they think it hurts until it quits."

"Men have to pay a dollar a year now-a-days for having a head."

"I would rather be an American in overalls than be the King of England."

"A house on fire isn't half so bad as the women yelling about it."

* * * * *

A Letter to Santa

Clifton wants to play hookey,
He will also take something to smoke,
Leighton don't want to do anything
But just—spring a joke.

Now Ralph is a little afraid of the girls,
And Warner don't like them at all;
So the only thing they will want
Will be an Old Bachelor's Hall.

But here we come to the greatest want
From which all others we hurl,
For this is a want of seventeen years:
Ned still wants a—GIRL.

Now, Santa Claus, if you could bring
The things we've stated here,
And give to these five little boys,
We'll give you a rousing cheer.

—SENIOR GIRLS.

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Just So

Some day some high financier in the marketing business will discover a way to give short measure for a dozen of eggs.

While we are in the Commencement season, it is but fair to state that nobody ever asserted that Rome was built in a day.

If the north pole was only two or three blocks away, nobody would go to see it.

The census reports have not yet been tabulated to the extent of showing how many people are fond of fried cucumbers.

Beauty is only skin deep, but some are thick skinned.

History has neglected another thing: it doesn't give the name of the man who first wore neck whiskers.

5 12 15 18 21 24

Some Unwritten Laws

Whosoever has chickens that enter into his neighbor's garden and destroy the vegetables, the said neighbor may kill said chickens and eat them.

Whosoever being a woman, hireth away her neighbor's cook at a higher wage, she shall be called a mean thing and her own cook shall be hired away from her.

Whosoever keepeth a dog that biteth the shins of them that pass, the dog may be fed arsenic at night and it shall be a thing forgotten.

1 12 15 18 21 24

Paul looked at Neva,
Neva looked at Paul;
Then Mr. Weldy looked,
And—that's all.

12 14 16 18 20 22

The lazy pupil did not feel well at times so he went to see the doctor.

Doctor: "Where do you usually feel bad?"

Lazy Pupil: "On the way to school, sir."

12 14 16 18 20 22

Mr. Letts: (in Civics class) "Is there any one else back there that's gone?"

1820

1911

Indiana University

Bloomington

The growth of the Indiana University during the last fifteen years is shown by the following five year table:

1895	-	-	711	
1900	-	-	1016	
1905	-	-	-	1538
1910	-	-	-	2564

The following publications are issued periodically by Indiana University:

The University Catalogue
 The Spring Term Bulletin
 The Summer Term Bulletin
 The Bulletin of the School of Law
 The Bulletin of the School of Education
 The Bulletin of the School of Medicine
 The Bulletin of the Graduate School
 The Bulletin of the College of Liberal Arts

Any one of these may be obtained on application to the Registrar or to

William L. Bryan,

President

Slips

A farmer near Bristol has gathered twenty-six pippins from an apple tree weighing twenty-six and one-half pounds.

We have received a basket of grapes from our friend, Mr. Tompkins, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter.

A child was run over by a heavy wagon, four years old, wearing a short dress skirt, and bronze boots, whose parents are not yet found.

The following lines were written by one who, for more than ten years, had been confined to the penitentiary for amusement.

The boys cracked many a joke around the stove in home-spun suits and cowhide boots.

A man was overtaken by a passenger train and killed; he was injured in a similar manner about three years ago.

I move the appointment of a committee to report what alterations and repairs are necessary to the members of the next General Assembly.

The Theatre Royal opens this evening under the management of Miss Goddard newly decorated and painted.

A young man is wanted to take care of a pair of mules of a Christian disposition.

Her apron was torn by a little dog, that was trimmed with pink and white braid.

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Of all glad words in tongue or rhyme,
The gladdest to boys is "dinner time."
And the gladdest words that ever fall
On the ears of fans are these, "Play ball!"
But the gladdest word that ever could fall
On the ears of Neva would be just—"Paul."



Teacher: "Tell all you can about Lincoln's boyhood."

Freshman: "Lincoln's boyhood was made of coon-skin, and it had a tassel hanging down the back."



Ruth W.: (Latin III) "Is this introduction you're talking about in the back of the book?"



Mr. Letts: (His. II) "Mr. Hall, you may give a special report tomorrow on Cleopatra."

Burl: "Cleopatra, who was he?"



Nowadays

Hush, my little one!
Hush, my pretty one!
Daddy will rock you to rest.
Sleep, my little one!
Sleep, my pretty one,
Here on Daddy's vest!
Mother will come to you soon, my dear,
Only a few hours yet;
She will come home when her speech is done—
For mother's a suffragette.



Lives of great men all remind us,
We may do great stunts as well,
And departing leave behind us
Anecdotes we didn't tell.

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N. B.— The Spectator surmises
That Goodwin sells so much
Because he advertises
To beat the very Dutch

Marion's Aunts

In a small village in a western state, there stood a prim little house where Ann and Fidelia Princeton resided. Fidelia, the elder, sat by the window with a letter in her hand which she was reading. She dropped it with a sharp exclamation.

"Ann," she called, "come here! Who ever heard tell of the like?" and throwing up her hands she looked the very picture of astonishment.

Ann, a short, fat, little lady with a rather timid look on her face, came hurrying into the room. "Whatever is the matter, Fidelia?" she asked.

Picking the letter up from the floor, Fidelia handed it to her sister, "Read that," she said. "It's from brother John."

Fidelia read:

My dear sisters:

I wrote to you a few weeks ago and told you of the loss of my dear wife. I now have no home for my only child, whom you have never seen. I would rather intrust my child to your care for a few years than to any other relatives, for I know that both of you will love Marion. I am going to Europe on business, but will send you a check every month sufficient for all expenses and also enough to repay you. Marion will leave here tomorrow morning.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN PRINCETON.

"How nice!" exclaimed Ann looking up from the letter.

"Nice!" snapped Fidelia. "I suppose it **will** be nice to have a terror of a girl sixteen years old around here. Like enough she will want to entertain her beaux in the parlor, and have the blinds up, fading the carpet and ruining everything. I'd like to know what's nice about that! I suppose there's no helping her coming, but I won't stand for all of her fly-a-way notions." After thus expressing herself, she went into the kitchen in a huff.

That evening, as the two ladies were talking in their little living room, they heard a rap at the door. Fidelia opened it. She saw a boy who appeared to be about nine or ten years old standing outside the door with a small valise in his hand.

"Hello, Aunt," he greeted her, " 'spectin' me wasn't you? Dad said he wrote to you." As he stepped inside, the lamplight revealed a shock of curly light hair and a pair of twinkling blue eyes.

"But I—I—thought John's child was a girl named Marion," gasped the astonished Fidelia. "And we didn't expect her until tomorrow night."

"Right you are there," the boy said, seating himself on a chair and looking at his aunts curiously. "My name's Marion, but you are mistaken about the girl part. A girl—Ugh! It must have taken the letter quite a while to get here. Dad sent it day before yesterday. Say, which one of you is my Aunt Ann and which is Aunt Fidelia?"

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"I am your Aunt Fidelia and she is your Aunt Ann," said Fidelia primly.

"All right," he said, kicking at the rounds of the chair. "I've got you fixed now. Say, are there many boys in this place? I told Dad I wouldn't stay if they were all girls."

"I think it depends altogether on what your father, your Aunt Ann and I say about it whether you stay or not. If you are a very good little boy we shall probably keep you; and now I think it is time for a boy of your age to be in bed, so I'll show you where you are to sleep."

"Why, I'm not so awfully little," said Marion indignantly. "I'm ten years old. At home I didn't usually go to bed until ten o'clock."

"When I was ten years old, I went to bed strictly at eight o'clock, and I want you to do the same. So kiss your Aunt Ann good-night and follow me."

"Gee, kiss Aunt Ann good-night! That's a girl's trick, but I'll try it." Walking up to her he gave her a resounding kiss on the cheek, and then bolted after Fidelia.

In a few moments Fidelia returned with a bewildered look on her face, and throwing up her hands exclaimed, "Whatever shall we do? This is worse than having a girl come!"

In the morning Marion was greeted with a grim "good morning" from his Aunt Fidelia, and a bright smile from his Aunt Ann. On his way to the table he managed to slyly step on the cat's tail. Poor Puss, not used to such treatment, got up with a scream and started for the back of the stove, knocking over a chair in her mad haste and creating a hub-bub in general, at which Ann laughed heartily while Fidelia only scowled.

Marion soon got acquainted in the village and made friends with a number of boys. "I just wouldn't stay here," he told one of his playmates one day, "if it wasn't for Aunt Ann. Aunt Fidelia is so cross. This morning I came into the house and she made an awful fuss about a little mud that was on my shoes; and after I got those cleaned to suit her, I went back in and sat down on a chair. She said also that I had scratched the chairs up so that she was ashamed to have any one come into the house. And I just got up, marched out of there and slammed the door after me good and hard. I suppose I'll get a good scolding when I go home to dinner."

The scolding which Marion was expecting came at the dinner hour. After dinner it was a very serious little boy who made up his mind to run away. However, he never once thought of where he was going.

That evening Marion did not return to supper, which was quite singular, for he was always on hand at mealtime. Fidelia inquired at the home of some of Marion's playmates to see if he was there. He could not be found, and before long everybody in the little village knew that Marion was missing. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and the men of the village were still looking for Marion, when a wagon drove up to the Princeton house. Marion was lifted out half asleep by a farmer. The farmer said that he lived about

What Shall It Be?

That's the perplexing question. Commencement is only a few days off and we've simply got to decide upon something pretty soon.

But what shall it be? I'll tell you what to do, let's go down to

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eight miles from town and that Marion had come to his house about eight o'clock. The farmer knew the anxiety Marion's absence would cause and had brought him back.

Marion looked at his aunts, smiled wearily and said: "I guess I'd rather stay here. I'm sorry that I'm such a bother, but if you'll let me stay, I'll try to be very, very good—as good as that girl you expected."

There was a look in Miss Fidelia's face which was not very often seen there. "I guess we won't send you away," she said. "I'd rather have you than the best girl alive."

And Aunt Ann, as usual, agreed with her sister.

—SARAH WHITE, '14.



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The Rout of the Long Pants Brigade

Pea-eye Norton made an excited entrance into the barn where the Highland Amateurs were preparing to play foot ball. He stumbled over Woodchuck Norton and landed fairly on Tubby Peters, who was sprawling lazily on the floor.

"Gaze on the original Sherlock Holmes! If you want to know anything about the past, present, or future come and call on your Uncle and put him on the trail. When it comes to gathering information, 'Yours truly' is right there," yelled Pea-eye.

"What's up?" asked Turnip Turner.

"Come to it, come to it," growled Tubby.

"A fine enterprising bunch to have Hallowe'en only a week off and not know it," replied Pea-eye.

"Didn't kick up all that fuss to tell us that, did you?" grunted Tubby.

"Naw, its the Long Pants Brigade."

The Amateurs had big brothers whom they called The Long Pants Brigade. There was great rivalry among the two sets of boys, because the older boys had more privileges than the younger ones. This made the Amateurs jealous.

"What's up! Come on, loosen up!" growled the bunch.

"Here it is then," Pea-eye sighed. "The Long Pants Brigade are going to have doin's at Old Bilikin's Hall, and they're going to have girls in it and there's goin' to be eatin's."

Tubby's gloomy face began to brighten. "And we're goin' to swipe the grub?" he asked.

The Amateurs had a private meeting, and after this they surprised their parents by getting up with the sun instead of waiting to be pulled out of bed. Whenever one of the Amateurs was seen by anyone, he generally had a box under his arm; and when asked what it contained, this would be the reply, "Aw, nothin'."

Eventful conversations, such as the following took place when the Amateurs met:

"What luck?"

"Bully, got seven today."

"Good! I only got five."

"Where do you keep yours? I keep mine in an old wash-boiler I buried in the back yard."

On Hallowe'en each Amateur devoured his supper quickly so as to be out and away on the affairs of the night. At least twelve fathers smiled inwardly while they wore stern faces and gave the usual warning. "And don't be out late added the mothers."

"Bill don't have to get in early," objected Pea-eye. "He can stay out as long as he wants to and nobody ever says anything to him. What's he going to do tonight?" Bill looked pleased and triumphant. Before eight o'clock couples were seen moving toward Billikan's Hall.

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"Guess we're all right, boys," said Bill, Pea-eye's brother. "The kids never got next to it at all."

"Don't be so sure of that," said Tubby's brother. "That kid brother of mine can smell grub in the next township."

We'll lock the door and the worst they can do is to make a little noise."

Presently one Amateur after another crept stealthily around the corner of the hall and took his place by a window.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty."

Woodchuck snickered.

From another direction a female voice took up the call, and Pea-eye choked and gurgled. Soon all the Amateurs were rolling on the ground and nearly bursting with laughter.

"Get ready for the grand march," called Bill.

While the Long Pants Brigade and their friends were waiting for the music to start, a bob-white's whistle floated into the room, but no one on the inside gave it a thought. Silently twelve well greased windows slid upward.

As the music began a bob-white's whistle rang out a second time. Twelve boys then emptied the contents of their boxes into the room. With a loud squeal at least a dozen large rats fell to the floor from each window. Shriek followed shriek. Every chair held a screaming young woman, and it filled the Amateurs with delight to see a couple of young men keeping their feet out of danger in the same way.

"A rat's run up Bill's leg," panted Pea-eye.

Suddenly another whistle warned the boys and the bags came into play. From each, two cats were released and dumped into the hall. If there had been noise before, it was silence to what followed.

* * * * *

Twelve boys were to meet in Mrs. Perkins' back yard but only eleven were there.

"I'll bet I know," said Pea-eye. They went around to the rear of the hall and there sat Tubby with an ice cream freezer between his legs and a large piece of cake in his hands. All of the Amateurs helped themselves and went home. What did they care for a few kicks and bruises dealt them the next morning by their respective big brothers.

—Adapted by HARRY GILMORE, '14.



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THE END

